Indo Pak war

INDO-PAKISTAN WAR

a flash-back

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PAKISTAN
WAR

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A FLASH-BACK

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Pakistani troops in action. A dramatic picture of tank infantry assault on the Lahore front.

Prologue

IN the small hours of the morning on September 6, last year, Indian forces crossed the international boundary and invaded Pakistan on a broad front without formal declaration of war. For the 17 days that followed, the armies of the two countries were locked in a ferocious battle until UN intervention separated them. With her 21 infantry and mountain divisions, one armoured division and one independent armoured brigade group (almost equal to an armoured division) against Pakistan's seven divisions, and even a larger margin of quantitative superiority in the air, India felt that she could give a knock-out blow to Pakistan and finish off once for all the Kashmir dispute, which has been casting embarrassing shadows on her international image. Militarily, the objective looked achievable.

Lahore, the historic city and capital of West Pakistan (pop. over 2½ millions) was only 14 miles from the border; Sialkot, a large cantonment, and Kasur, a strategically placed town and marketing centre, only 6 miles and 3 miles respectively. A modern professional army which has been preparing an offensive and has the advantage of initiative on her side, should roll on that much by sheer momentum of the initial thrust. Capture of any of the three towns would certainly not have brought Pakistan to its knees, but the psychological impact of such a success can well be imagined.

Pakistan's vital Lahore-Karachi road and rail arteries lay within half an hour's tank ride from the Indian 'jumping off' ground, and the

Lahore-Rawalpindi ones, an hour's tank ride. With India on the rampage from Kargil in the north to Rajasthan in the south — a front stretching over 1,300 miles — Pakistan, with less than one third of the Indian forces, could not be strong everywhere. Under the circumstances, a break-through by India in one or more places could not have been termed as a miraculous feat. Such a break-through would have seriously disturbed Pakistan's communications and gravely threatened her whole defensive posture.

But the historical fact is that India could not effect a break-through anywhere. In fact, after its modest initial gains, which accrued to her by the advantage that any aggressor has of choosing the time and place of his strike, the Indian offensive flopped in its totality.

The maximum Indian advance just touched our first line of defence. At no point could the Indians penetrate it.

That is the nub of the whole issue.

India said afterwards that she never intended to attempt any deep penetration, that her strategy was dictated purely by defensive considerations. This revelation would be touching if it had any grain of credibility in it.

India's military failure cannot be explained away by any amount of sophistry. The deployment of her forces and the whole pattern of their actions since D-Day does not show even a pretence of defensive attitude.

India mounted 13 major attacks on Lahore-Kasur front and 15 major attacks on Sialkot front beside her pinpricks in Rajasthan and other areas. Most of these attacks were pressed home with fanatic will and fury. Indian command appeared to be determined to achieve a decision and was willing to accept heavy losses. The Indian soldier generally showed aggressive spirit. Five Indians killed for every Pakistani may not be a very flattering index of Indian troops' tactical proficiency but it could be said to at least indicate that the Indian soldiers were not always afraid to die. They left piles of dead bodies in front of some of the posts they tried unsuccessfully to storm.

Against such a fanatic enemy, three to four times in size, the Pakistan Army held its ground by sheer guts, fighting stamina and higher motivation. They were fighting to save their land and their people from an enemy from whom they expected no mercy whatsoever. Behind them stood the people of Pakistan, dauntless, united and solid. No visitor to Lahore during those fateful days could detect the slightest indication that a deadly struggle was raging right outside the suburbs of that stout-hearted city. Such was the state of morale of the people of

Pakistan and the faith and confidence they had in the capabilities of their brave soldiers.

The war was also a remarkable manifestation of air-ground coordination. The close tactical support provided by the Pakistan Air Force contributed greatly to the success of many crucial land operations.

The Pakistan Air Force was pitched against an enemy six time its size and equipped with more modern, faster, and better armed machines. Yet, right on the first day of the war, the Pakistan Air Force wrested the initiative from the Indian Air Force. Fighting with rare skill, courage and determination, Pakistan's small but dedicated air force kept the Indians on the defensive by its relentless pressure, and maintained complete mastery of the sky throughout the operations.

The Navy is traditionally known as the 'Silent Service'. Silently but surely, the Pakistan Navy dominated the seas and kept our sea lanes open and safe for ships coming to Pakistan's ports. It is a measure of its prowess that Indian Navy with its aircraft carrier and cruisers, never once showed up outside the safety of its bases. It was the much smaller Pakistan Navy which was on the offensive. Its swift and spectacular raid on Dwarka was a brilliant demonstration of the pluck and daring of the Navy.

This small volume is a miscellany of articles and writings relating to the Indo-Pakistan conflict. The volume aims at illuminating some of the obscure corners of the issues involved; it contains a brief run-over of the war, it highlights, just at random, some of its facets and moods, and tries to capture some of the atmosphere of what certainly were Pakistan's days of glory. And it is dedicated to the glorious spirit of the people of Pakistan and the glorious exploits of its armed forces.

* * *

The first Indian regiment that found itself face to face with the Pakistanis didn't get clobbered. They just turned and ran, leaving all of their equipment, artillery supplies and even extra clothing and supplies behind.

'Top of the News',
Washington,
September 6-10, 1965.

The Urge behind it

NON-violence was held, at one time, as the cardinal faith by those who have been shaping the destiny of India. Showing the strength of their arms appears to have become their ruling passion now. India started fairly early on a predatory path. Immediately after independence she marched her armies into Kashmir, into Hyderabad, into three other principalities and then into Goa and other small Portugese enclaves on the west coast of India. Psychologists might attribute this Indian propensity to a thousand years' subjugation and military defeats that the class now ruling India had to suffer. There could, probably, be a hidden urge to wipe out a millennium of humiliation by scoring a big military success. The moment the Indian rulers got power in their hand they embarked upon an ambitious plan of building a military might which was beyond their requirements and far beyond their resources. Nobody was counting the cost.

But in her first test of strength—the small brush-up with the Chinese in 1962—the Indians could not win much glory. Rather, their army had to suffer humiliation that has been rankling in the minds of their military command. They had to win a victory. They tried in the Rann of Kutch early last year. More humiliation. They must avenge the defeat, the Indian leaders vowed. They would fight, they said, on the ground of their own choosing.

The "ground of their own choosing" was the remote Kargil in the northern reaches of Kashmir where an Indian battalion of a thousand men attacked and occupied three isolated posts manned by a section (10 men) each. Encouraged by that 'victory' they started preparing for larger operations with the ultimate object of conquering the whole of Azad Kashmir. This was, as the eaptured documents confirmed, the task given

to the Indian Army Chief of Staff by the Government. The Indians next struck in the Tithwal sector, north of the Azad Kashmir capital, Muzaffarabad, and in Uri-Poonch sector towards the south. They met with a measure of success in Tithwal sector capturing some commanding heights from where they could threaten the Neelum Valley coming down to Muzaffarabad.

In Uri-Poonch sector their gains were even more substantial. Not leaving anything to chance, the Indians attacked here with a full brigade supported by divisional artillery. With that much force the Indians were able to overpower the small garrison troops guarding the area. The Indians were elated. When Defence Minister Chavan announced the capture of Haji Pir Pass in the Indian Parliament, the House went mad with joy. Staid, rotund M.P.s with flowing '*dhotis*' jumped up to give a rare demonstration of a wild dance in the aisles of the House. There was general embracing and thumping of backs all around.

Indian troops' concentrations were reported in the southern area of the Indian-held Kashmir where the Indians had an excellent approach to Pakistan through the Munawar Gap. With Indian gains in the north and this new threat from the south the situation was taking rather a serious turn. A small force of Pakistan Army and Azad Kashmir troops, supported by armour and artillery, moved into Chhamb area on September 1, 1965, and in a brisk action, neutralized the threat from this direction. In five days our forces had occupied some 350 square miles of disputed territory including the small towns of Chhamb, Deva, Sukrana and Jaurian.

Covered with tall crops and thickly dotted with fruit orchards and groves, the undulating land of southern Kashmir lends itself ideally to defensive warfare. The Indians were in well-stocked, well-prepared concrete bunkers and if they had their heart in the battle, and if they had a little bit of more courage and determination, they could have held a much bigger attack than they were actually facing for a very long time. But only in one or two posts did they put up any resistance.

Generally, their performance was not of the order on which poets would feel compelled to write ballads. The number of guns and tanks they left behind clearly indicates that the Indian Army's withdrawal from Chhamb area was not exactly according to plan.

The glory was still eluding the Indian leaders.

Throwing all cautions to the winds, the Indians put everything on the stake and ordered their armies to cross the international border and march on to Lahore.



Major General (now Lieut. General and Deputy C-in-C) Agha Mohammad Yahya Khan, GOC of a Division, is explaining a situation to Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan during one of his visits to the forward areas. Also in the picture are Army C-in-C General Mohammad Musa (extreme left) and C-in-C Pakistan Air Force, Air Marshal M. Nur Khan (third from right).

Lahore was not the only Objective

> *"It is incredible how our political and military leadership continues to harp on the fact that it was not intended to occupy Lahore and Sialkot."*
>
> —*The Economic Weekly* (*India*).

ON the night of September 5, 1965, the Indian troops in a forward area, were told by their Commander that they would be served their next mid-day meals at Lahore. The officers participating in the operations were promised a beat up at the 'Gym'.

But for the unparalleled bravery, tenacity and dedication of Pakistan's Army and Air Force and the unbending will of the Pakistani people the Indians might have succeeded in their unholy designs.

On the eve of the invasion more than 12 divisions of the Indian Army, an independent armoured brigade group and 3 additional infantry brigades stood poised against West Pakistan, spread out from Tithwal in the north to Rajasthan in the south. Three divisions and a tank regiment were grouped up in Akhnur area. These were the 10 Mountain Division, the 19 and 25 Infantry Divisions, and the 20 Lancers. Sialkot and Chawinda area were threatened by three infantry/mountain divisions, namely, the 26 Infantry, the 6 Mountain, and the 14 Infantry Divisions, in addition to the 1st Armoured Division and two regiments of tanks, i.e. the 62 Cavalry and the 2 Lancers.

Lahore had three divisions against it. Two of these, the 15 Infantry Division and the 7 Infantry Division, were up and the third, the 23

Mountain Division was in reserve. Southward, opposite Kasur, India had lined up the 4 Mountain Division, the 41 Mountain Brigade and the 2 Independent Armoured Brigade Group which was almost equal to a division in strength.

In Rajasthan, India had deployed the 11 Infantry Division while another unidentified division was kept in reserve in Amritsar area.

With their formidable build up the Indians were confident of achieving quick results. On D-day, i.e. September 6, as we know now, the Indian troops were to take Lahore. On D-day + 1, i.e. on September 7, this force was to link up at Grand Trunk Road with the group advancing from the direction of Kasur. The fall of Lahore, the Indians calculated, would shatter the morale of Pakistan and create utter confusion all over. At that time would come, as the *coup de grace*, the thrust on Sialkot. By-passing the town, this force was to dash forward and cut the Grand Trunk Road and the main railway line at Gujranwala and Wazirabad. And that would be that.

All that would be left to be done would be to hold the victory march on the Mall, Lahore.

We know now that the Indians had already designated the Administrator for Lahore and had earmarked a large police force to keep law and order. A high Indian personage was waiting somewhere nearby to ride in triumph to Lahore to hold his court. The Indian newspapers and radio actually did announce the fall of Lahore and Kasur as they had been assured by the cocksure military command that the fall of these towns was a matter of hours only. Even BBC, to its great embarrassment later, was duped by the Indian claim and announced to the world that the Indians had captured Lahore.

Actually, fighting did not go according to plan — the Indian plan, that is.

On 6th September at 3.30 in the morning a two-pronged attack was mounted on Lahore. The 15 Indian Infantry Division with a Tank Regiment was launched on Attari-Wagah-Lahore axis. To this force was later added India's crack 50 Para Brigade.

The second prong which was advancing along the Barki-Lahore axis comprised the 7th Indian Infantry Division supported by a regiment of tanks. By 6 a.m. the Indians were three miles inside the border. They were jubilant. Lahore suburbs being only 8 miles away their tanks would be in the town by the afternoon at the latest. They could now see the rising banks of the BRB canal, or the Ichhogil Canal as the All India Radio was so fond of calling it. Very soon they would gain the home

HEADLINES IN THE INDIAN PRESS


کراچی کو لاہور سے کاٹ دینے کیلئے بھارتی فوج کی برق رفتار پیشقدمی

دشمن سیالکوٹ سے بھاگ نکلا

بھارتی فوج لاہور سے آگے نکل گئی پاکستانی قصور سے بھی بھاگ گئے

بھارتی فوج کا سندھ کے اہم شہر پر قبضہ حیدرآباد کی طرف مارچ

Translation of some of the headlines on this page will show that the doctrine that Indian high command never had any intention of taking Lahore was a later day development dictated by things not exactly going according to plans:

(All the headlines are, of course, pure myth. As the whole world knows, the Indians never got anywhere near Lahore or Kasur).

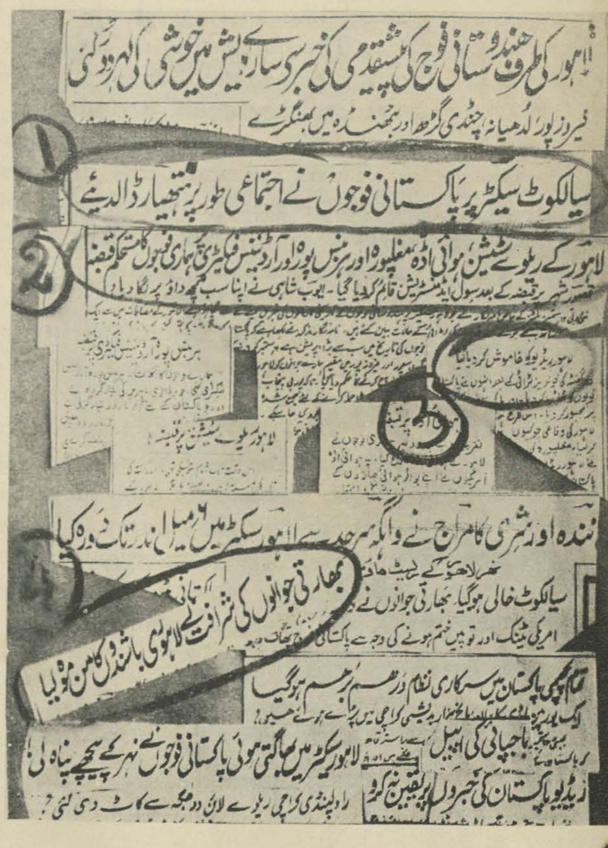
1. *"Our troops have advanced beyond Lahore—Pakistanis also flee from Kasur"*
2. *"Fall of Lahore Cantonment certain—Parliament Members' statement on return from the battle front"*
3. *"Lahore has been vacated —scenes of* 1947*"*
4. *"Lightning advance of Bharati troops to cut Lahore - Karachi line"*

←

→

1. *"Pakistani troops have laid down their arms 'en masse' on the Sialkot Front"*
2. *"Our troops in firm control of the Lahore Railway Station, Air Port, Mughalpura, Harbanspura Ordnance Factory"*

   "Civil Government set up after occupation of Kasur"
3. *"Lahore Radio station silenced"*
4. *"Excellent behaviour of our troops win the heart of the people of Lahore"*


لاہور کی طرف ہندوستانی فوج کی پیشقدمی کی خبر سے سارے دیش میں خوشی کی لہر دوڑ گئی

فیروزپور لدھیانہ، چنڈی گڑھ اور بھٹنڈہ میں بھنگڑے

سیالکوٹ سیکٹر پر پاکستانی فوجوں نے اجتماعی طور پر ہتھیار ڈال دیئے

لاہور کے ریلوے سٹیشن، ہوائی اڈہ، مغلپورہ اور ہربنس پورہ آرڈیننس فیکٹری پر بھارتی فوجوں کا مستحکم قبضہ

بھارتی جوانوں کی شرافت نے لاہوری باشندوں کا من موہ لیا

bank; very soon they would be across the canal; very soon.....

But here Pakistan Army was waiting for them. Hell was suddenly let loose on the advancing Indians. They reeled back, re-grouped and came again. Again they were beaten back.

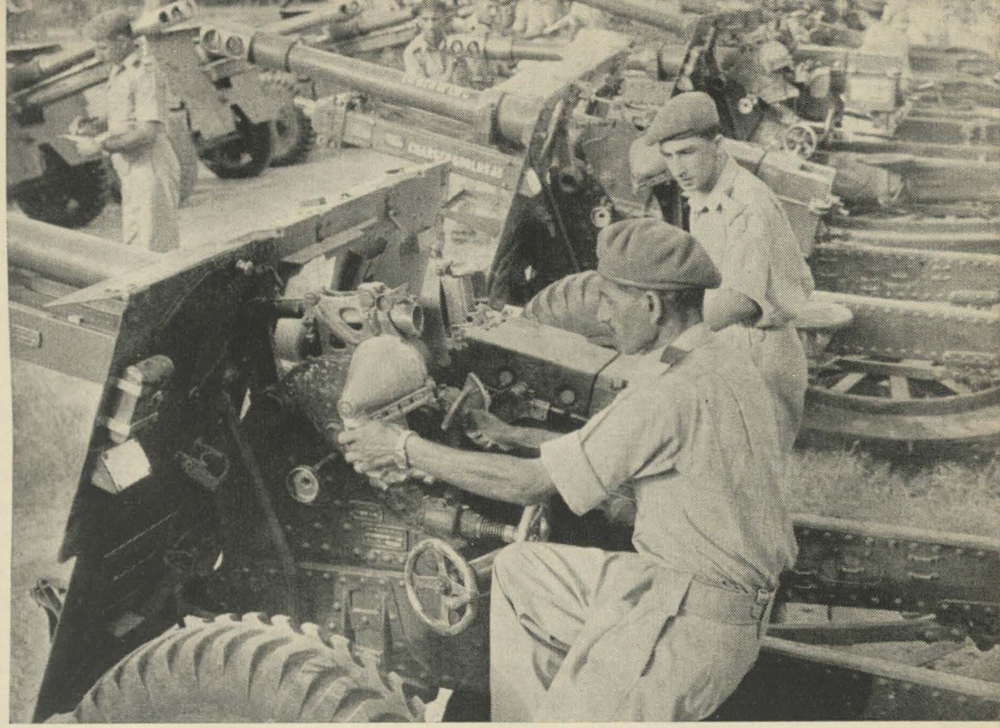
For the next 17 days the world saw with awe and admiration the tenacity, the courage, the gallantry and the indomitable will of the Pakistani soldiers. The ferocity of the fighting can be judged from this fact that on Sialkot sector the Indians launched 15 major attacks in 17 days' fighting, in each of which a brigade or more than a brigade's strength was employed. Lahore had to face up and beat back 13 major attacks at brigade level and above. Not often have so few in number defied onslaughts of such large masses of men and guns and armour day after day and night after night and come out proud and victorious. The Indians fought well and made repeated and determined efforts to breach the defences and reach Lahore. It was only the unparalleled bravery, devotion, dedication and the spirit of '*jehad*' of our officers and "*Jawans*" that frustrated all Indian efforts. On Lahore front alone the Indians, according to some estimates, lost over 2000 men killed and nearly 5,000 wounded. Only an enemy who fights stubbornly can suffer such heavy casualties. All the more credit to Pakistan Army officers and *Jawans* who stood like an impregnable wall which nothing could pierce.

The Indians had moved in three miles in the first few hours of their attack before they came up against our defences. During the rest of the 17 days they could not advance as many inches, although their local superiority on many positions was as high as five times or even more.

Thirty miles towards south, on Kasur front, the Indians fared still worse. The 4th Indian Mountain Division, the 2nd Independent Armoured Brigade Group and an additional Tank Regiment had stood in Bhikiwind-Khem Karan area, poised for a frontal attack on Kasur. After crushing its defences this force was to make a dash along Kasur-Lahore axis to link up with the victors of Lahore on G.T. Road. The tryst was never kept; neither one side nor the other could make for the rendezvous. The would be conquerors of Kasur lost Khem Karan in the bargain.

What happened on Lahore front was to be repeated on Sialkot front although the pattern and the dimension of the fight varied. India had chosen this area for their main thrust. India's 1st Armoured Division lay concealed in Samba area to spring up for a lightning attack. It had an infantry division on either side so that the armour could shoot through without any anxiety about its flanks.

The Indians suffered a more shattering defeat on this front as they



Pakistani gunners are giving an expert look-over to captured Indian field guns. The Indians left enough pieces in Chhamb area alone to equip two Field Regiments.

Khem Karan, the Indian market town, was the place from where Indians were to launch their thrust on Kasur and then on to Lahore. The milestone in the picture with Pakistani soldiers in the background is an eloquent footnote to India's defeated ambitions.



lost the best part of their armour in a foolhardy effort to use tanks as battering-rams. The battle of Sialkot, or the battle of Chawinda as it has come to be known, is already the subject of discussion in the foreign press and, no doubt, in more professional quarters. Our boys knocked out four tanks for each of their own and this index, which has been corroborated by neutral observers, speaks volumes for the skill and guts of our tanksmen. The contribution of Pakistan Artillery in breaking the back of India's offensive on Sialkot and on other fronts is an inspiring story which requires separate treatment.

On Lahore and Sialkot fronts Pakistan was fighting purely a defensive battle. In Kasur sector our troops not only contained one of India's major thrusts to hit Lahore from the flank but they also went for a limited offensive action to prevent further enemy build-up. In a swift short spurt they occupied Khem Karan putting an end to whatever mischief India was brewing on that side. That this action of our troops hurt India considerably can be seen from the orders issued to the Indian command that Pakistanis were to be pushed back from Khem Karan, whatever the cost.

India did pay a considerable cost but got nothing in return. Our troops continued sitting in Khem Karan.

Pakistan Army also made a small push into Indian territory at Sulemanki. This action, again, was ordered to forestall Indian design to capture Sulemanki Headworks. In this area Pakistan was occupying 40 square miles of Indian territory.

In Rajasthan we captured over 1200 square miles of Indian land from where India made desperate and futile bids to push us out.

In the disputed territory of Kashmir, Pakistan's action to break up India's offensive build up in Chhamb area was a perfectly planned text-book attack which staggered the Indians who ran for their lives, leaving every thing they had in their well-prepared defensive positions. In artillery alone, they left enough pieces for us to raise two field regiments and have some to spare. We occupied over 350 square miles of Kashmir territory in Akhnur Sector and 16 square miles in Kotli sector.

In its first test of strength with India, Pakistan Army came out right on top. And the people of Pakistan have come out united, resolute and ready to make any sacrifice, face any trial and hardship, to preserve their national unity and independence.

Victory in the Air

DURING the Indo-Pakistan war, the Pakistan Air Force was up against an enemy six times its size who possessed superior and faster aircraft. With guts, faith and professional skill which has seldom been excelled, the PAF fought and gave a knock-out blow to their adversary.

Explaining this remarkable feat, the PAF Commander-in-Chief, Air Marshal Nur Khan, said that death held no terror for Pakistani pilots—they had such complete faith in the cause they were fighting for.

"When faced with overwhelming odds", he said, "our many Rafiquis, Munirs and Iqbals showed no hesitation, no fear, no doubts; simply an urge to attack. This was the spirit which enabled us to do more than our military honour required and which made us attempt the impossible."

India had been preparing for a show-down with Pakistan for a long time. She exploited the conflict with China with great dexterity and was able to obtain large quantities of aircraft and military equipment from many sources. To fit in with her operational plans, the borders of East and West Pakistan were girdled around with a chain of large air-bases including Pathankot, Adampur, Halwara, Chandigarh, Ambala, Jamnagar, Jodhpur, Kalaikunda and Baghdogra, from where India could operate against PAF bases and our forward troops.

It was India which brought in the airforce into the fighting which had been going on in the disputed territory of Kashmir. On the first of September when the Indian army was retreating in Chhamb area,

hotly pursued by the Azad Kashmir and Pakistani troops, four jet fighters of the Indian Air Force suddenly came on the scene in support of their ground forces. They started strafing our troops to buy some respite for their harrassed army. But their adventure was very short lived. Responding to a call, two PAF Sabres roared into the area in a matter of minutes and made short work of the four enemy Vampires. Both the PAF pilots had equal share in the bag and the enemy aircraft fell well behind our lines. It is an interesting footnote to this opening bout between the two airforces that never again did India send a Vampire against PAF fighters.

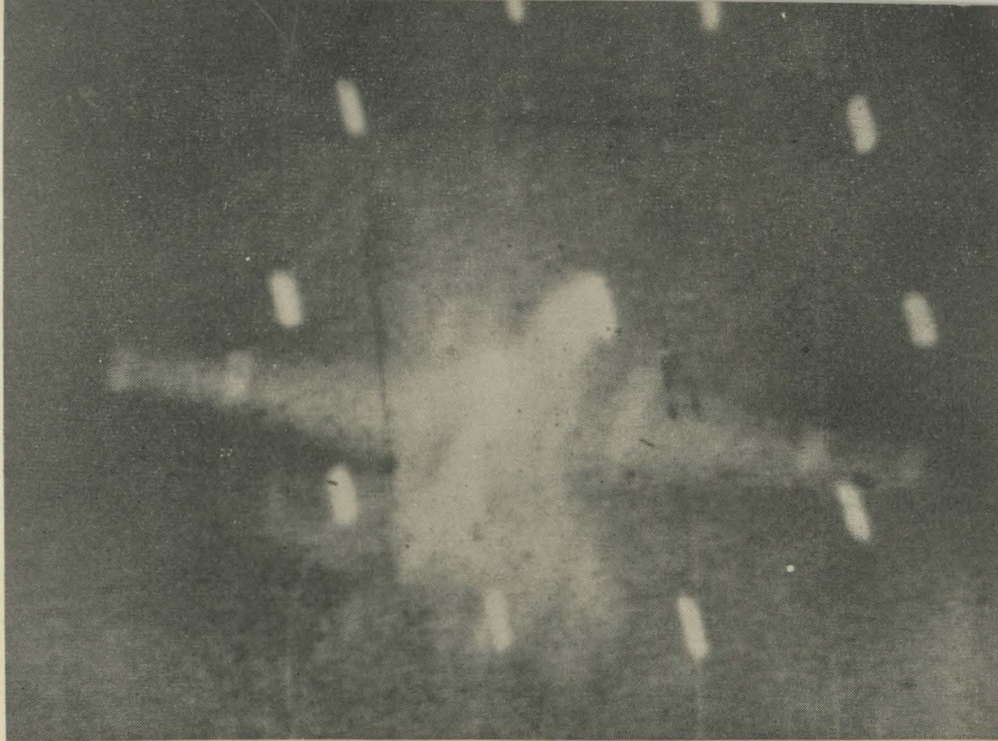
On September 3, the enemy received another clobbering when a force of six supersonic Gnat interceptors intruded into Bhimber area. Two Sabres came up to engage them and severely damaged one of the Gnats. An F-104 appeared on the scene and another of the Gnats was so scared that he quickly came down to land in Pakistan. The Gnat is now one of the prized war trophies of the PAF.

In the combat one PAF Sabre was damaged but its pilot, Flt. Lt. Yousaf Ali Khan, continued the fight till the remaining enemy fighters left the area. Flt. Lt. Yusaf brought back his aircraft safely to the base. However, he was amused to hear the All-India Radio announcing that evening that some Squadron Leader Keelor of the IAF had been given gallantry award for destroying one (his) aircraft in the combat.

Next day the Indians tried a show of force by sending over 40 aircraft including MIGs and Hunters but were chased out of Pakistan territory by PAF fighters.

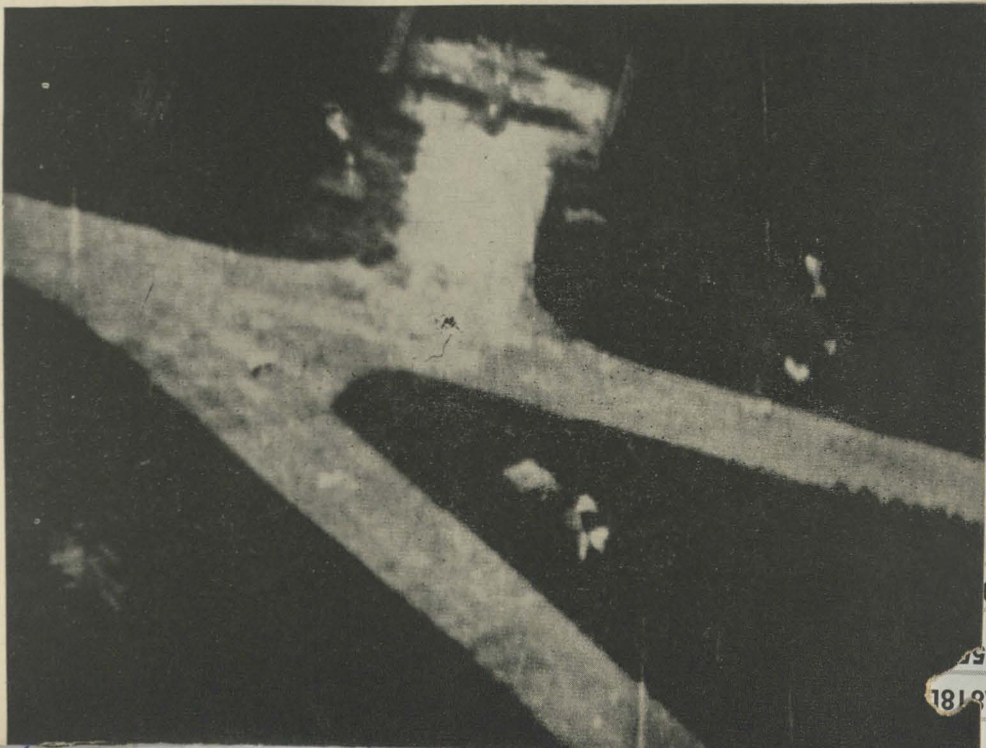
Until September 6, when India attacked West Pakistan, the Pakistan Air Force, despite continued enemy provocations, had desisted from entering the Indian air-space. But with the start of open war the PAF found itself free to use its full strength to cripple the enemy air-arm. The PAF struck, and it struck effectively. It was a day of fierce fighting on land as well as in the air. In the morning, the PAF fighter-bombers struck at the enemy ground forces, destroying a large number of tanks, vehicles and troops. The enemy aircraft sneaked into Pakistan territory and attacked two passenger trains. The PAF fighters were soon on their trail and one Indian Mystere aircraft was shot down.

In the afternoon the PAF carried out its first strike against enemy air-bases—the first to be hit was Pathankot—and left 13 IAF aircraft in flames and ashes. Among the wreckage were nine supersonic MIG-21s. Several others were reported damaged. It is interesting that India stubbornly refused to admit the destruction of its MIG force. But the Indian



A Canberra burning at Kalaikunda during PAF attack.

Kalaikunda air-base under attack. A Canberra in the apron burning after it was hit.



Air Force cannot explain why the MIGs were not used during the war when IAF was being humiliated by a much smaller force. The PAF, of course, have solid proof of the destruction of MIGs in the shape of gun-camera films.

In fighter sweeps over other IAF bases including Halwara and Adampur, the PAF Sabres were engaged by enemy fighters in a number of encounters. The PAF accounted for eight Hunters of the Indian Air Force at a cost of two aircraft. By the evening the Pakistan Air Force had a handsome bag of 22 enemy fighters. At night the B-57 bombers of the PAF conducted low-level precision attacks on IAF at Pathankot, Adampur, Halwara and Jamnagar and heavily damaged the installations at these vital IAF bases.

The morning of September 7, saw the most thrilling air battles over the skies of the PAF base at Sargodha, which has been described in details elsewhere in this volume.* September 7, was the PAF day. That day it downed 31 aircraft of the enemy. Squadron Leader Mohammad Mahmud Alam created history when he shot down five enemy Hunters in one single combat.

The PAF fighter-bombers also strafed the IAF base at Srinagar destroying two Indian planes and damaging a number of installations. During that day's operation PAF lost one Sabre jet.

In the early hours of that morning, the Indians had carried aerial warfare to East Pakistan when the enemy Canberras carried out attacks on the civilian areas of Dacca, Chittagong, Jessore, Lalmunirhat and Rangpur. The retaliation by the PAF force, based in East Pakistan, was swift and telling. PAF planes attacked the IAF base at Kalaikunda and destroyed on the ground 11 Canberras and four other aircraft. Another enemy fighter was shot down in aerial combat over East Pakistan. The PAF lost one Sabre and that was in the second attack on the IAF base.

The PAF reigned supreme over the skies and maintained its close support to the Pakistan Army in various sectors of war, destroying a large number of tanks, armour, gun emplacements and troop carriers. By the evening of September 8, the PAF had destroyed about 70 Indian aircraft against a loss of five.

The back-bone of the enemy air force had been broken and now it became a routine matter for the PAF to carry out massive attacks on Indian army positions by day and bomb IAF bases at night. In one of such missions, the PAF bombers inflicted heavy damage on the IAF base at

* See "Battle of Sargodha".



Gun-sight reticles of a Sabre closing in on a Hunter during a combat.

The picture from an Indian TV film shows wreckage of a "PAF C-130" destroyed near Delhi. Russian inscription on it exposes the Indian trick. They had photographed wreckage of their own Russian-built, AN—12 Transport aircraft, and told the world that it was a Pakistani C-130 they had brought down.



Ambala. Due to lack of photographic evidence the PAF has not claimed any aircraft in this attack. However, foreign correspondents covering the war from the Indian side reported that about 25 Canberras were destroyed in the attack.

By September 23, when hostilities came to an end, India had lost 110 aircraft, besides 19 damaged (these figures do not include aircraft destroyed in night bombing of IAF airfields). Of the 110 aircraft, 35 were destroyed by Pakistan Army's ground fire. The destroyed Indian planes include MIG's, Canberras, Gnats, Hunters, Mysteres and Vampires. The PAF had also accounted for the destruction of 149 enemy tanks, more than 600 heavy vehicles including troop carriers and about 60 artillery guns. On its part the PAF came out of the war nearly unscathed losing only 16 aircraft—14 Sabres and two B-57 bombers. Of the 14 Sabres, only eight were lost through enemy action: four in aerial combat, two through ground fire, and strafing, one at a PAF base and one when an enemy ammunition train blew up under it after the plane had strafed it.

These are the facts which cannot be controverted. Immediately after the war, military observers and press correspondents from many countries saw for themselves the complete force of the PAF lined up on runways at PAF bases less the 16 planes which Pakistan had admitted were lost during the war. The Pakistan Air Chief, Air Marshal Nur Khan even invited Air Marshal Arjun Singh of India to send a team of observers to verify Pakistan's claim provided he allowed PAF observers to go and see what was left of the Indian Air Force. Understandably, Air Marshal Arjun Singh did not show any great eagerness to accept the offer. We will see presently that on the Pakistan side the reciprocity condition was virtually waived when the Indian Army, Naval and Air Attaches were given an opportunity to see for themselves that the figures on its losses given out by the PAF could be substantiated.

On March 23, 1966, a mammoth crowd witnessed the Republic Day Parade held at the Rawalpindi Race Course. As the President took his position at the saluting dais after reviewing the huge inter-services parade, a deep swish above raised all eyes skywards. Overhead flew 72 Sabres (10 others took part in the fly-past at Dacca), 20 B-57 bombers and 10 F-104 Star-fighters.

The Indian Attaches were free to make their tally. They, as well as many other foreign observers watching the parade had quite an accurate knowledge of how many planes of each type did Pakistan possess when the war started.

The Fog after the War

"THE fog of war" is not an unfamiliar term in war literature. In case of the writings on the Indo-Pakistan war of 1965, most of this fog has been generated artificially, after the war, to help India appear victorious. India herself is producing considerable war literature. There is a great urge in that country to win the war even at this late stage. The writers are trying to achieve in the pages of books what could not be achieved on the battlefield. It is not difficult to understand their anxiety. The world's second largest country which has been starving its population to build a big military force cannot be expected to feel quite exhilarated to see her first major military adventure so helplessly bogged down at the starting post. The writers are only doing their bit to help retrieve the situation although in their over-anxiety to win big victories for the Indian army they tend to become careless with their facts and figures. The editor of this volume was just glancing through one of their recent efforts—THREE WEEKS WAR, by Sukumar Biswas—and was rather intrigued to find Pakistani tanks falling down like nine pins at every turn of the day. Just for the heck of it he started counting date-wise the losses inflicted on Pakistan and got the following figures:

Pakistani tanks destroyed or disabled	365
Pakistani tanks captured intact	67
Pakistan's total tank losses	432

At the end of the book the writer himself recapitulates Pakistan's

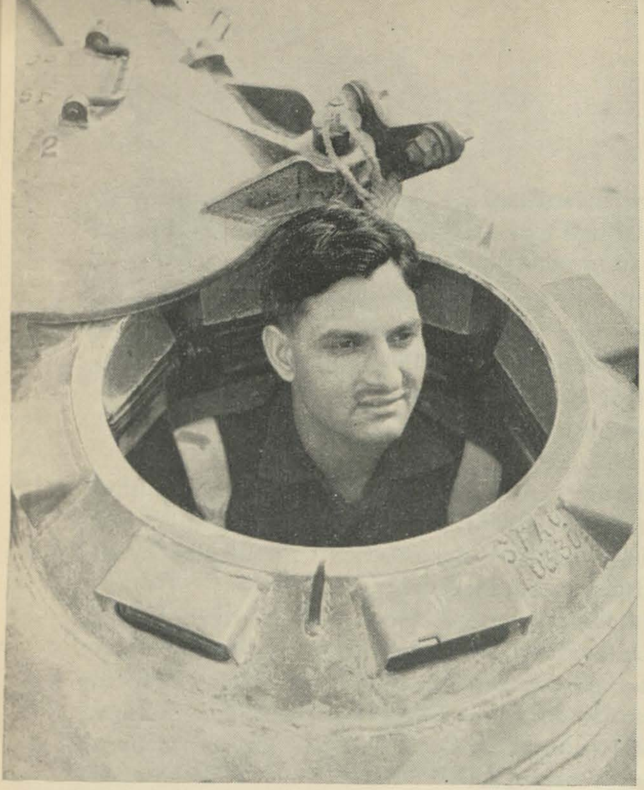
total losses in tanks. According to the figures there Pakistan suffered following losses :—

Pakistani tanks destroyed or disabled	313
Pakistani tanks captured intact	38
Pakistan's total tank losses	351

But, what are 81 odd tanks this way or that way!

India also had some loyal friends abroad who tried to rehabilitate her military image and the image of her equipment, more especially her Centurion tank. In the process some "facts" had to be invented but that was probably considered as part of the game. Here we are reproducing two examples of how good people were stretching themselves over to make points for India. The first is a report by "intelligence experts" explaining the real reason why the Indian armour got a drubbing in the battle of Sialkot. This is what appeared in a leading Australian paper :

> SYDNEY, Australia, Oct 22.—A report published here throws doubt on Pakistani claim that American Patton tanks scored a great victory over British Centurion tanks in the India-Pakistan fighting. The reported defeat of the Centurions caused concern in the Australian Army because the Centurion is its main battle weapon. Defence Correspondent of the Sydney Morning Herald said, the Army has been reassured by a fresh allied intelligence report.
>
> "The new report", The Sydney Morning Herald writer said, "is based on an eye-witness assessment of the Sialkot battle in which Pakistan claimed a great victory by its Patton tanks over India's Centurions.
>
> "According to this report 24 Centurions were overwhelmed by a wall of water near Sialkot, which is about 60 miles (96 Kilometers) north of Lahore, in West Pakistan, when a bulldozer breached an irrigation levee in low lying delta country.
>
> "The tanks were in fact sunk and their crews drowned. Pakistan's Patton tanks were then brought up to riddle the abandoned Centurions with armour-piercing fire from close range.
>
> "The Pakistani squadron commanders said their Pattons had knocked out the Centurions because they were "far too square" and did not deflect solid shots well as the more rounded American-made tanks.



Peering out of the turret of a captured Indian tank, is a typical officer of Pakistan's Armoured Corps, one of the proud band of dashing fighters who broke the back of the Indian armour.



The wizened old Punjabi peasant squatting on a captured Indian tank listens with open-mouthed curiosity as armoured corps Major relates to him the story of how they drove the Indians out of Chhamb area from where this tank along with many others was taken.

"British and Australian authorities are at a loss to explain the invention of the Sialkot victory except in terms of Pakistani propaganda for reasons of morale." (APA).

For those who may like to have a slightly more precise knowledge of geography, we may add that Sialkot is situated just 800 miles away from the sea and a delta, even by the wildest stretch of imagination, could not be stretched that far. We are sure the 'intelligence expert' could have invented a more plausible reason for Indian armour's debacle in the Sialkot area.

And now we present a few gems from the article of an Israeli military commentator, Leo Heiman, who airs his assessment of the Indo-Pakistan war in the prestigious magazine, "Military Review", published by the US Army Command and General Staff College.

The blurb on the author says that Leo Heiman was born in Poland, studied in the Soviet Union, and fought with Soviet partisan forces against German Army for two years. He attended Munich University for two years and went to Israel in 1948 where he served in the army and navy for seven years. His latest article, "The Last Cavalry Charge" appeared in the January 1966 issue.

Introducing the author, the Editor inserted the following lines on top of the article:

"Mr. Heiman is an Israeli military correspondent and author who has reported on conflict in many parts of the world. The views expressed herein are Mr. Heiman's and not necessarily those of the MILITARY REVIEW."

Correct. Mr. Heiman is entitled to have his own views on Indo-Pakistan conflict or on any other subject. But is he entitled to invent his own data to fit in with his views?

Here goes Mr. Heiman:

Armored Cars a Liability

"Poor utilization of armored cars meant high losses for Pakistan. These vehicles are still greatly favoured in India and Pakistan, a sentiment carried over from the days of British colonial rule. Armored cars are better suited for suppression of insurgencies and rebellions, riots, and revolts than heavy or medium tanks. But under the conditions of modern warfare, armored cars are a liability rather than an asset. Simple jeeps with machineguns and bazookas are more efficient as reconnaissance vehicles and light screening forces. . . .

"Had the commanders of the Indian and Pakistani forces converted the hundreds of armored cars and lightly armored reconnaissance vehicles for use as armored infantry carriers, this could have been a decisive move. Instead, there was no armored infantry to speak of. Armored cars were deployed in the standard patterns of reconnaissance, screening, and patrol — to be knocked out with bazookas, light recoilless rifles, and armour-piercing rifle grenades"....

It just happens that Pakistan Army DOES NOT have any armoured car.

We proceed with Mr. Heiman:

"Apart from having trouble with the Patton's automated fire control equipment, the Pakistanis were handicapped by their battle deployment. They applied proper deployment procedure by sending an armored brigade of 70 Pattons steamrolling across the Indian defences in the Kashmir sector without bothering about the open flanks. But lack of armored infantry precluded tactical exploitation of the initial gains. When fuel and ammunition supplies were exhausted, the Pakistani brigade ground to a halt. Lacking infantry protection, the Pakistani tanks became easy prey for Indian hunter-killer teams which stalked the Pattons with jeep-mounted 106-millimeter recoilless rifles, bazookas, and flame-throwers."

Now here the zealous Mr. Heiman is going to embarrass India. If, with its fuel and ammunition supplies exhausted, the Pakistani brigade did grind to a halt in the Kashmir sector, and the Pakistani tanks became easy prey for Indian hunter-killer teams, what provoked India to attack Lahore? India has been justifying her aggression against Pakistan by saying that she could not halt Pakistan's thrust in the 'Kashmir Sector', that another day and Pakistan would have captured the vital communication centre, Akhnur, and would have bottled up her entire army in Kashmir.

Mr. Heiman continues:

"Defensive Posture.

On the Indian side, orthodoxy and lack of imagination paid off. The Indians did not even attempt to rush their tank battalions into battle. They deployed their Centurions, Shermans, and the few French-made AMX light tanks in hull-down positions protected

THE INDIAN EXPRESS TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1965 ***(5)

Lahore Cantonment is our Army's aim

From S. V. BEDI
Express News Service
LAHORE FRONT, Sept. 20

Amrita Bazar Patrika, Saturday September 25, 1965 (7)

Army chief explains why Lahore was not taken

PATTON DEBACLE PUZZLE

FROM OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

NEW DELHI, Sept. 24. — General Chaudhuri explained why Lahore was not taken by Indian forces, a subject which has been much talked out. We never really intended to go into Lahore, the General said.

The top headline is dated 20th September, the bottom one dated 25th. In five days the objectives completely changed.

THE AUSTRALIAN

PRICE SIXPENCE MONDAY SEPTEMBER 13 1965



Hopes for U Thant peace mission fade

Bomb blast kills 100 in siege city

Light plane crash –2 die

HUGE TANK BATTLE

50,000 Indians in all-out assault

From OUR WORLD CABLE SOURCES in NEW DELHI and RAWALPINDI, Sunday

Hundreds of Indian tanks today slashed deep into Pakistan in a bid to sever the vital communications artery linking Lahore with the capital, Rawalpindi.

A Pakistani armored division and scores of tank-kill squads are fighting desperately to slow the Indian advance which is spearheaded by an armored division and two infantry divisions with armored reinforcements reported streaming over the border from Indian Kashmir.

About 50,000 Indian troops with hundreds of tanks and heavy artillery support have already been committed to the assault, aimed at cutting off the Pakistani forces which have been defending Lahore and its surrounds against strong ... attack for the past week.

ROAD TOLL



The intro here spells out Indian armour's mission which was completely defeated.

by earth, logs, and sandbags. The Indian posture was strictly defensive without any attempt at breakthrough action, in-depth penetrations, indirect flanking drives, or sudden assaults at night. Relying on horse shoe or V-shaped main lines of resistance, the Indians created three defensive lines at main road junctions, vital passes, and decisive sectors.

> "On the only sector where the Indians attacked — near the city of Lahore — the tanks were pulled back as soon as the infantry could dig trenches up front. The first Indian line was always manned by infantry with machineguns, light and medium mortars, bazookas and recoilless rifles."

Mr. Heiman could not have been following the events very carefully otherwise he would have noticed that two days after her attack on Lahore, India launched her main offensive in Sialkot area. This offensive was spearheaded by her pride Armoured Division which had three Infantry Divisions in support. It was in Sialkot where the tank battle was fought and which was graphically described by many foreign correspondents. It is obvious that India used tanks in other places too besides the sector near the city of Lahore and her tanks were not always used in the defensive role.

Speaking of the "inaptness" of the Pakistani tanksmen Mr. Heiman says:

> "As an armored fighting vehicle, the Patton is so vastly superior to Centurions and Shermans that under normal conditions no comparisons could be made. But the US tanks proved too complicated for the soldiers who operated them. The Patton weapon system relies on computers which control the main gun. For effective firing, the crew must feed the correct information into the computer which then does the rest.
>
> "During manoeuvres and field exercises, the Pakistani tank brigades proved to be quite efficient, but real war is quite different from war games. In the zone of military operations, computers went wrong, Pakistani tank crews fed misleading information into the electronic brains, the heavy guns had to be operated by hand, and the crews were so occupied with modern gadgetry, that they had little time left for fight. To many armies ultramodern hardware is not an asset."

Against Mr. Heiman's remote assessment of the capabilities of

Pakistani tank crews, here are the views of the staff writer of another US Services publication, "the Star and Stripes", who had actually seen the Pakistani boys handling the Patton tanks and had the benefit of the opinion of senior US military officers who had opportunities of studying the Pakistani tanksmen more intimately:

> "The turret of an M47 tank pivoted smartly to the right, paused for a brief instant, then fired. On a nearby hill side the silhouette of a moving truck disappeared, demolished by a clean hit from the sub-caliber gun attached to the tube of the tank's regular weapon.
>
> The action could have taken place on any sub-caliber gunnery range anywhere—with one exception. The tank's gunner — and entire crew — are a part of an army that has been described as one of the most efficient and strongest armies in the entire Southeast Asia and Middle East.
>
> "The 19th Lancers — officially 19th King George V's Own Lancers — whose M47 tank scored the bull's-eye, are typical of the units that make up Pakistan's Army and reflect the progress that has been achieved by the armed forces of one of the world's largest nations since the chaotic conditions accompanying her birth a little more than 10 years ago.
>
> "In November of last year, the regiment was equipped with M47 tanks under the US Mutual Defence Assistance Programme (MDAP) and immediately demonstrated why the Pakistan Army rates so high in the eyes of military observers.
>
> "Within a week after getting the unfamiliar tanks their drivers put on a massed demonstration of manoeuverability for a visiting US assistant secretary of defense.
>
> "Although the visiting secretary and Maj Gen L.W. Truman, Chief MAAG, Pakistan, were impressed, the Lancers merely looked on the incident as repitition in their long history. Utilizing the M47s was accepted as being routine.
>
> "Some of the men who drove the Sherman tanks during World War II are drivers today and explain why Pakistan's army is classed as one of the most efficient and strongest in her part of the world.
>
> "Men who are gunners today have been gunners for several years. Mohammed Akbar, Commander of the bull's-eye scoring tank, has been a tank commander or driver for the past 10 years.

"During World War II, he saw duty in Egypt, Italy and Greece as a tank gunner and has more than four years as gunnery instructor at the army's armor school.

"Just as the gunners and drivers in Pakistan's army have years of experience in their job, so do the mechanics, armourers, junior commissioned officers and regular officers."

If one week after receiving the machines the Pakistani boys could handle them well, they could not have spent the next eight or 9 years unlearning what they had picked up in one week to the extent that during the fighting they were just absorbed in playing with its fascinating gadgetry.

We do not know whether Mr. Heiman shares the belief generally held by armies all over the world that if you can handle an equipment in peace-time field exercises, you can handle it equally well in war— at least the actual mechanical aspect of handling it. And Pakistani tank crews are no chicken. Most of the senior NCOs and JCOs among them are veterans of the Second World War who fought in Burma, in Africa and in Italy.

We also cannot understand why "in the zone of military operations, computers went wrong". Those gadgets could not have specially been wired for working in peace time field exercise only!

The actual reporting of war tells a slightly different story to what Heiman was imagining later.



THE AUSTRALIAN

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 14 1965 — PRICE SIXPENCE

BIGGEST TANK BATTLE SINCE WORLD WAR II

PAKISTANI VICTORY

Huge losses on both sides

Pakistani forces have repulsed a massive Indian armored assault in the greatest tank battle since the African desert campaign of World War II.

In a desperate, two-day battle among the maize fields of West Pakistan, the Pakistani forces have turned back an Indian force estimated at 50,000 men supported by hundreds of tanks and heavy artillery pieces.

RIVER THEIR LAST ENEMY

DRUG PRICE CUT WILL SAVE £2.6m

Price reductions on a number of drugs will cut £2.6 million from the cost of Australia's National Health Scheme.

Australia will give away £60m this year

Australia's foreign aid commitments this financial year will rise by about 20 per cent, with most of the extra money directed to South-East Asian countries. Including Papua-New Guinea spending and defence material, the aid bill will approach £60 million.

GUNN GETS £100

State basic wage up

ACTU CLASH TODAY

Bassey to re-marry

Without Second Thoughts-1

Three hours after the ceasefire on September 23, 1965, four British correspondents were in Chawinda area, near Sialkot, where the biggest tank battle since World War II had just been fought out. Dead bodies and burnt out tanks were still strewn all over, silent witnesses to the course the battle had taken. Later on, the battle picture was to be greatly doctored by different people who had been nowhere near the scene. The two descriptive pieces reproduced in this chapter are the immediate impressions of two competent observers, Alfred Cook of Daily Mail and Brian Hitchen of the Mirror.

IT BELONGED TO HODSON HORSE

SIALKOT: The first grey lights of dawn picked out the ghostly shapes among the tall maize, sugar-cane and cotton plants. From the blackened hulls came the stench of death, the first hours of the ceasefire were showing in stark reality the truth of this three weeks war. India's armoured strength had taken a thrashing.

Across three miles of this unending flat land the sun's rays picked out twenty five British-built Indian Centurion tanks in no more than three miles of front.

Now the truth is seen of the claims and counter claims in which both sides have said they have destroyed each other's armour. It is sad to see how much India has lied, perhaps even sadder that hardly anyone in the world believed them when the Pakistanis were claiming victory

after victory over the vastly superior odds of Indian tanks.

On this whole Sialkot front of 23 miles, one must believe the figures from what lies here. Pakistan says it has completely destroyed 100 Indian tanks, Centurions, Shermans and French. In all the number of of tanks hit has been around 300 but many have been hauled in by the Indians for salvage and repair. Only 60 yards across the railway line which runs from Chawinda to Sialkot they are working this morning pulling in more. They do not glance this side of the railway, the intense hatred could easily turn looks into renewed fighting at this stage.

Trees shattered with artillery and tank fire, Indian bodies which the Pakistanis have not been able to clear and which made it almost impossible to bear as the smell has become more and more deadly. They managed to bury 300 yesterday half a mile back but the whole countryside will take months to clear of the dreadful odour of rotted death.

A small donkey, miraculously alive, still stays tethered among the maize where it was left when the Indians invaded. How it stayed alive as tanks fought around it, how it survived death from fright will never be known.

Pakistani tank Lieutenant was helping his men extricate the headless body of the Indian tank squadron. "I knocked this one out," says the Lieutenant. "It belonged to Hodson's Horse armoured regiment."

Against the 300 Indian tanks fought 135 Pakistani Shermans, Pattons and M-36s on the whole front. Forty-four will never fight again but this scene typifies what two Pakistani tank squadrons of no more than 24 Pattons could do to the 25 Centurions littering this landscape.

The Patton has proved the better tank is the conversation. It is four miles an hour faster than the Centurion at 24 miles an hour and is more manoeuverable. The Patton gun is superior they say. The Centurion is too square and bulky, practically any hit causes damage.

Ceasefire came here at three o'clock this morning but from midday yesterday when it was known that the fighting would be over at that hour India decided to be more aggressive than she has ever been before. It was as though she was trying to use up all the ammunition she had left; shells crashed into the Pakistani positions here by the hundreds for hours on end until precisely two o'clock. The Pakistanis who had looked forward to the first night's rest in weeks were forced to reply.

South of here on the Lahore front at Bhaini the Indians kept up shellfire all night. At three a.m. exactly on the ceasefire hour they sent in

two attacks of infantry against the Bhaini bridge which had been denied them for so long. The attacks were backed again with heaviest shellfire known in the sector. It was 15 minutes after the official ceasefire that the attacks were finally forced back and the agreed peace came down.

Here the scene of two weeks fighting after India crossed Pakistan's international border on September 6th is little more than devastation. Shattered villages, now with small groups of villagers already returning to rake among the ruins for their belongings and carrying them away in large bundles balanced on their heads.

Miles of churned up ground, tank tracks flattening crops into the soft earth, hundreds of empty shellcases, thousands of pieces of Indian army equipment left behind only yesterday afternoon when the final infantry attack came in to fail as those which went before it.

The squadron commander sums it up in a few words. "The Centurion is a good tank though" he says "the Indians have disgraced British equipment."

Now the job of clearing the rubble of war is on. Armoured bulldozers are clearing crashed trees from the one narrow road and clearing the streets of the villages of shattered walls.

The Pakistanis are staying in their foxholes, deep with strong earth covered tops. Shell holes from last night are as close as 10 feet to some of them but casualties were light. The foxholes will remain "home" for some time yet, neither side seems in any hurry to withdraw to where they were before war began three weeks ago.

The casualties are being counted, on the Sialkot front alone the Indians have four to five thousand dead. Pakistani numbers are around five hundred, small because of their good foxholes and bad Indian shelling, say the Pakistani commanders. But they all give first credit to the Pakistani airforce which gave them close support in battles and knocked out Indian tanks, guns and vehicles behind the Indian lines until, captured forward troops complained, their rations had not reached them for days.

In this Sector alone the artillery Brigadier estimates he fired forty thousand shells in ten days. Eight inch, two hundred pounders, anti-aircraft shells, twenty five pounders. "I moved my hundreds of guns at will over the battlefield" he says. "Indians tried different style attacks at all sorts of hours. Sometimes we hit them at fifteen hundred yards range, their artillery never worried us."

Now that the story can be told the Pakistani high command has had the captured Indian war plan in its hands since the early days of the battles. It was to sweep into Pakistan below Sialkot westwards towards



Crouching against a bank and waiting for the next leap forward, a company commander and his officers are watching the progress of the operation in front of them.

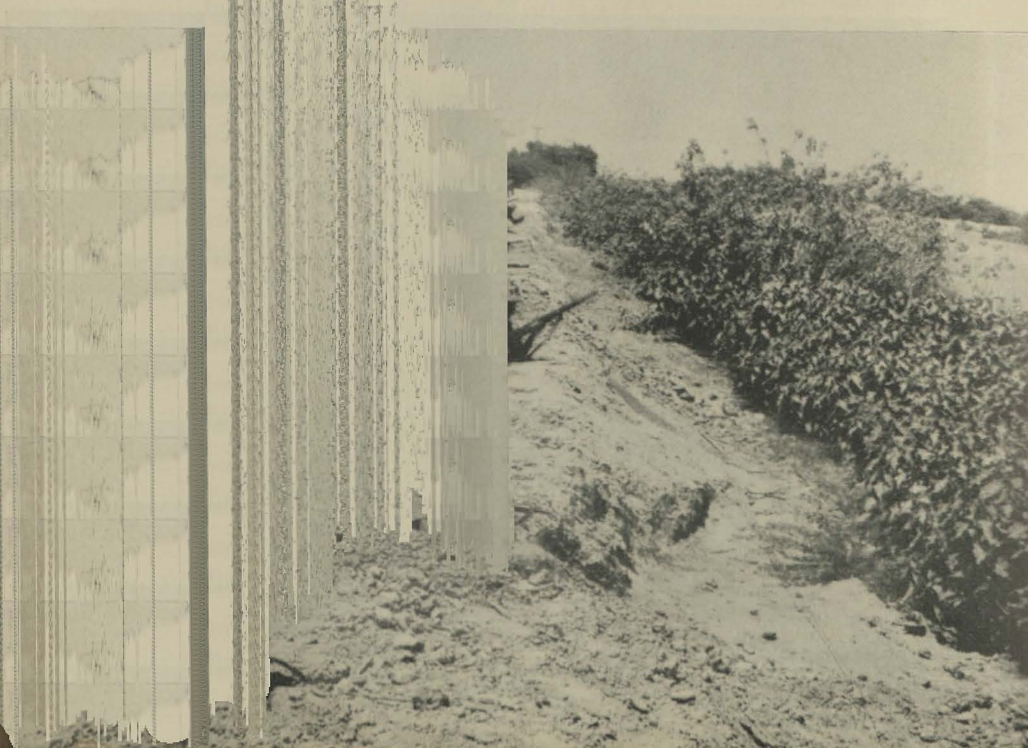
The wreck of a Centurion tank of India's pride, Ist Armoured Division, symbolizes the shattering defeat that Indian armour had to suffer in the Chawinda battle.





An operational tank squadron o
(French-built AMXs) capt

Infantry soldiers taking positions on the bank of a water obstacle. No weight of India's numerical military superiority could make the slightest dent in the impregnable will of our soldiers to beat back the invaders.





army equipped with the Indian tanks
hhamb battle, out on manoeuvres.

In clouds of dust, Pakistani tank and infantry soldiers are moving forward to join the action.



Pasrur and Gujranwala cutting off all the Pakistani forces in the north and at same time to make three pronged attack to capture Lahore and force Pakistanis into pleading for peace. India used its First Armoured Division here backed by three infantry divisions including the 6 Mountain Division equipped with American arms and trained to fight the Chinese on the northern borders.

Against this Pakistan had two infantry brigades supported by one tank regiment each. They were out-numbered five to one, one infantry brigade and one tank regiment was sent to each of the Sialkot and Lahore fronts.

With its weight of numbers in tanks India, if she had used them strategically, could have struck out in encircling movements. Instead she used bulldozer tactics, piling in attack after attack on twelve miles of this front.

They were out-fought and defeated but it is doubtful if India will ever say that she lost the battle of Sialkot.

Now in the distance plumes of smoke are towering into the air from Indian occupied Pakistan territory. Spotter planes report the Indians are burning villages since yesterday. And Pakistani refugees straggling across the ceasefire line say Pakistani young men there are being rounded up and shot.

* * *

Pakistan's success in the air means that she has been able to redeploy her relatively small army—professionally among the best in Asia—with impunity, plugging gaps in the long front in the face of each Indian thrust.

By all accounts the courage displayed by the Pakistan Air Force Pilots is reminiscent of the bravery of the few young and dedicated pilots who saved this country from Nazi invaders in the critical battle of Britain during the last war.

Patric Seale,
'The Observer', London,
September 12, 1965.

Without Second Thoughts-2

NOT ALL TANKS WERE ABANDONED

THEY buried their dead in the early dawn here today. The Indo-Pakistan ceasefire was only three hours old. And I walked through this graveyard of tanks and men they call Sialkot.

It was here, in a frontline dugout that I watched the start of a vast armoured battle ten days ago. Shells were screaming overhead then and mammoth dust clouds and ten foot high crops brought visibility down to two hundred yards.

But today there was a terrible stillness and the hot Punjab sun burned down on the wreckage left from the fiercest tank battle of the war.

When it began (in Sialkot) the Pakistani army faced the Indians with a total of one hundred and thirty five tanks and between eight and nine thousand infantrymen.

The Indians had three hundred tanks and fifty thousand infantrymen. The Pakistanis were out-numbered four to one. But during these ten terrible days of battle the Pakistanis knocked out at least one hundred and twenty Indian tanks and lost forty four of her own.

Today the buzzards and king vultures wheeled and hovered in the sky and the sticky sweet stench of death hung everywhere.

Along a three mile front alone I counted twenty five crippled Indian tanks—eleven of them in a tract of ground only eight hundred yards long.

Some with gaping armour-piercing shell holes in their sides, some with their turrets burned clear of paint and buckled by heat, some with their guns twisted and bent at crazy angles.

Lying abandoned in the lush crops of maize, millet and in the cotton fields they looked like burnt and broken scorpions, their sting gone for ever.

But not all were abandoned. Many of them still contain the charred remains of what was once the men who ran them.

From beneath the sickening stench of death I could see a tank-gunner sitting crouched over a shell case. His reddend skeleton hand gripped a lever alongside him. He had been charred to a cinder.

Quietly a young Pakistani tank Lieutenant who had climbed up by me said "they never show this sort of stuff in the cinemas. But this is what war is really like."

For it was here at Sialkot that India lost the flower of her armoured division and the men who crewed it. Now she is no longer able to launch another tank attack. Throughout the battle the Pakistani government has been claiming fantastic successes. But today was the first time I have been able to see for myself the full effects of the crushing defeat she inflicted.

And from what I saw today I would say that Pakistan's claim to tank knockout is, if anything, on the low side.

There is no doubt that Pakistan hammered hell out of India's armoured division.

The original Indian plan according to captured documents was to take the Pakistan city of Lahore and cut the Grand Trunk Road — the artery of India and Pakistan — cutting Pakistan in two.

But the attempt failed. Outgunned and outmanned, Pakistan fought with a terrible dedication and won.

Tough Pakistani tank Major, thirtyfive years old Hassan Mahmud, took me across the tank-churned red earth to where a crippled Indian Centurion tank lay silent in the tall grasses. Fingering the quarter inch grey and black stubble on the chin of his battle weary face Major Mahmud whose home is in Lahore told me, "Inside this tank is the body of its commander. We shot it yesterday at fourteen hundred yards. The rest of the crew bailed out and fled. In a few days we will have it cleaned out and refitted for action."

I climbed on to the tank's turret. Below me I saw the commander's body. His head had been blown off.

This morning as dawn broke the Pakistani troops buried more than three hundred Indian dead in shallow graves beneath the giant banyan trees outside the village.

And more Indian and Pakistani dead are lying half concealed among

the crops. The burial parties sit on the roadside and wait until the vultures mark the spot for them.

In his headquarters in a converted rest house behind the lines, Corps Commander, Lieutenant General Bakhtiar Rana told me: "Our losses were not as great because my men were well dug in and their morale was high. The Indians attacked us with Ghurkas. Now Ghurkas never run. They die first. But this time they ran because they were badly led. A Ghurka has to be led not pushed and when he is treated right he is one of the best fighting men in the world."

Down the middle of the ceasefire line at Sialkot runs the Chawinda-Sialkot railway track.

Today I watched Indian soldiers in jeeps and trucks on the other side of the tracks. Suddenly they saw me and drove away. Behind them smoke poured from burning villages over a seventy square miles area east of Sialkot.

A Pakistani infantry officer told me: "They are burning all the villages. We have threatened to do the same to those of theirs we occupy but they know we won't carry out our threats."

* * *

A well-known Indian journalist, Frank Moraes, in a talk from All India Radio also admitted that Indian Air Force had suffered severe losses and it was no use hiding the fact and India should be prepared for more losses..

'Indonesian Herald',
September 11, 1965.

A People at War-1

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Lahore, September 6.

...THEN there is an ear-splitting thunder which rends the calmness of the September morning. What could that be?........

Feverish curiosity to know the full meaning of the thunder in the sky soon grips one and all. All over the labyrinthine alleys of the walled city, along the smartly trimmed lawns of Gulberg bungalows, astride the merrily busy Mall, people pause and question one another excitedly, strain their ears to eavesdrop on others, and wonder.

How does one react to the first news of the outbreak of a war? Do wars indeed begin like this, with a crash and a thunder but no warning or ultimatum? Doesn't a war-machine, or whatever else it is that makes wars, make any rumbling, ominous sound, a groan or a splutter, before it is geared into action? Didn't one hear of Munich, of a woebegone Chamberlain shuttling back and forth between London and Berlin, before England and Germany got locked up in a bloody Second World War?

Then, what does this mean, this flood of rumours, this crashing thunder in the calmness of the September morning?

The President's broadcast at mid-day puts an end to speculations and an official seal on the situation: we are indeed at war with India; the enemy must be crushed......

Lahore, Night of September 6-7.

......the night is sombre and still, a thin veneer of moonlight spreads right across the city, over well-groomed hedges and tall trees, into jagged network of narrow lanes and rambling alleys. Softly it caresses the stately silent minarets of the Shahi Masjid, the broad elephant-walk stairway of the Mughal Fort. Tonight, no man-made light issues forth from the entrails of the city dwellings. Tonight there is total blackout......rumble of army vehicles taking the round of the traffic island, about a hundred yards down the road; from the island radiate the highways leading to outskirts of the city. The rumble of the motors and the wheels break the stillness of the night. Every now and then the air raid siren and the ARP warden's whistle and the heavy, hurried footsteps of the civil defence volunteers echo through the length and breadth of the street. Then the echoes die away and stillness seems to descend once again on the moontouched night — this, the first night of the war.

Throughout the day air raid sirens wailed and reminded the city-dwellers of the fighting on the border only a few miles away. The sirens and the constant hum and drone of the planes, like tiny animated dots in the sky; for a long, long while these were the only symbols of the war. And then as the day ended, nocturnal peace seemed to descend over the city, deceptively so. The waxing moon softly treads its way across the chosen silken-black path......

But then (late in the night) heavy guns boom somewhere in the distance, boom and thunder, loud and clear. This is it, this is the war.

More rumble of guns towards the eastern horizon; more wailing of air raid sirens. More clang-clang of army vehicles going round the traffic roundabout. The night wanes steadily, but surely. The eastern sky will soon be aglow with the first stab of the sun; the booming of guns will at last be muffled, lost in the happy crescendo of morning voices....



At an investiture ceremony, the President, Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan decorates the wife of Major Aziz Bhatti with the insignia of Pakistan's highest gallantry award, the Nishan-i-Haider, which was awarded to her husband posthumously, for his most conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. On her left is Mrs. Shami, wife of Brigadier A.R. Shami who was awarded Hilal-i-Jur'at (posthumous). (below) The President pins the Sitara-i-Jur'at on the young son of Flight Lieutenant Ahmad, an Air Force hero who gave his life winning this high gallantry award.



Lahore, September 7.

Morning. Morning, at last......

Contrary to what one imagined, there are no convoys of refugees, no swarms of helpless women and children running away......Buses rattle along crowded streets already choked with traffic; vendors outshout one another; clouds of flies chase sweet-sellers and unsuspecting children sucking at lollypops and ice-candies.

Lahore, September 9.

Long convoys of army vehicles, covered with camouflage paint converge on to the traffic island and then disperse into various highways leading out of the city, to Barki, to Kasur, to Wagah, to Ferozepur; the enemy must be crushed on all fronts.

Military policemen in jeeps patrol the honeycomb of streets and lanes spread around the traffic island. They make long pauses at the roundabout itself. Vehicles rattle past them at an even pace. Men sit erect in jeeps and trucks, in full battle attire, sten-guns and rifles slung from their shoulders, ammunition pouches bulging with their deadly load......

There are jostling crowds of people along the convoy routes; they are thickest at the roundabout. It is like this throughout the day whenever a convoy passes. Men, women and children stand in bunches on the roadsides, stand, shout slogans, and cheer, all the time. They leave their homes, their business to come out to cheer the soldiers. They come out and stand merrily on the sidewalks, with armfuls of marigold garlands and trays of coca-cola bottles. They follow a vehicle full of soldiers as it comes within sight, throw marigold garlands to the jawans (the soldiers), stretch out their arms to offer them ice-cold coca-cola. The soldiers smile back shyly ......

Sometimes a bunch of scooter-riders follows the army vehicles for a long distance, till they come to a point when the soldiers must be left to themselves to go forward. Snatches of martial songs and patriotic *TARANAS* burst forth from transistor radios, all the while, songs which speak of the warrior riding proudly to the battlefield, of the victorious returning home triumphantly, of the lives laid down at the threshold of Allah, of the dead who will live for ever. The rippling, lilting, sonorous



With smile bursting through their dust-coated faces, these Pakistani infantrymen are dashing towards the front, eager to get at the enemy.

With shells bursting right in front of him this dauntless soldier, and his many comrades along the entire BRB canal beat back wave after wave of enemy attacks and frustrated all their efforts to cross the canal.



voices keep singing for ever; marigold flowers rest softly in the laps of rugged jawans. The convoys roll on endlessly......

Lahore, September 10.

......the convoys roll on......

Business is indeed as usual in the motley circle of shops around the traffic island. No slackening of pace. The ice merchant dumps breathing slabs of ice into the back of a slow moving army truck, like a school boy playing a prank upon his companion, and smiles impishly as the surprised jawans hastily offer money which he promptly refuses. The convoy rolls on......

The aging *panwala* with a fancy signboard hanging over his head sits at his stall wrapped up in his thoughts; there have been no consignments of betel leaves received from the other wing for the past so many days. Yet, he is not sad or dismal, just lost in his thoughts. Young college boys screech their scooters to a halt at his stall, as they have been doing ever since there has been a *pan*-and-cigarette shop at his roundabout. They light up their clandestine cigarettes, smile mischievously at the *panwala*, and leave on his counter a tip much larger than they had ever done in the past. They are gone before the *panwala* can even sort out his confused thoughts, for they have to be on the trail of that convoy rolling on towards the border, for as long as they are not turned back by the officers ......

Young college girls, old *burqa*-clad women, bearded old men returning from the mosque at the corner, pause at the roadside as a convoy slows down to go round the roundabout, look wistfully at the jawans jostling past them, murmur prayers under their breath. Hands which tremble with excitement hand over to the jawans tiny parcels containing *SURA-E-YASEEN*, verses from the Holy Book, printed on illuminated sheets of paper, or pocket editions of Quran. They know these gifts will shield all believers going to the battlefield, blunt the enemy's deadliest weapon......

Immaculately clad, Elvis-crazy teen-age girls, who have never so much as moved a little finger to help with the household chores, now forget their next date at the movies and instead flock to the nearest ARP centre, first aid training post, nursing class at the local hospital. They eagerly learn how to lead others less trained than themselves in the art of firing a rifle; they learn how to clean up a gaping wound, how

to mitigate the pains of a dying man; they learn how to lie prone in dust and make others do the same when the enemy planes come overhead; they learn how to revive a shellshocked child. They miss their dates, spend hours on end taking notes at the lectures and classes, become breathless repeating the strenuous ARP practices. Yet, they do all this unasked, with a smile. They know they will be there when neighbours need them; they will be there when the war wounded are brought back from the battlefield, like the kith and kin of the Prophet and his companions several centuries ago........

Rawalpindi, September 13.

War in 'Pindi has a more businesslike look.

In Lahore the whole thing was treated stoically, like a huge battle of wits. Lahorites know full well that no adversary can ever have the better of them in a battle like this. They couldn't possibly be more sure of themselves. That is why they gathered merrily on the sidewalks, to cheer up the soldiers going to the battlefield, or exchange amongst themselves the latest gossip about how the war was going, and shouted flippant imprecations as the enemy plane got locked in a grim dog-fight with our own planes right over their heads, sent up raucous whoopees of joy when the enemy was shot out of the sky. They knew it had to be the enemy. They knew that their Shalimar, their Shahi Masjid, their Anarkali and Lohari, their Data Gunj Bakhsh and their Madho Lal Husain, their Chowk Safanwala and their Kim's gun are all inevitably, eternally invincible and no enemy hand could pollute them......

But Rawalpindi treats the war in a more businesslike manner, with obvious bureaucratic efficiency, a supremely important job which has got to be done, and done well. No letting up or slackening of pace. And that's all.

A sense of urgency grips every one, high and low, civil servants, army commanders, war correspondents, diplomats, businessmen, shopkeepers, one and all. The blackout and the air raid warnings too are treated with much greater seriousmindedness: there is the siren and the warden's whistle and the place for you, your wife, your children, your aging mother-in-law, every boy, is in the shelter. (In Lahore one tended to sneer at any suggestion to take shelter; one only instinctively looked up when the siren blew, with curiosity to know whether it was your own plane, or the enemy's that was streaking overhead).

......the little boy who was woken up when the siren sounded in the middle of the night is still only half awake. He sits hunched up in the shelter, his fingers plugging his ears, as he has been told to do by his airforce officer uncle. He sits there dosing with his teenage sisters, his tiny cousin with pigtails, his mother, his father, and his asthmatic grand-mother beside him. Do you know what to do when the bombs start to fall? Yes, of course, I do. Can you hear the 'planes'? This is not the 'planes', you silly, this is our guns shooting at the enemy. Oh really, how do you know? I know, can't I hear the noise? The little boy knows too much for his age......

The little girl with pigtails looks at him in the darkness with a mixed feeling of pride and envy: how does he know all this?

Rawalpindi, September 15.

The fat, hairy Welshman, who fought as a tail-gunner in the Battle of Britain during the second world war and now dons the uniform of a war correspondent, scrambles out of the ditch. He is messy sight, his khaki trousers soaking with ditch-water and filth. He comes out of the ditch and frantically shakes his clenched fists in the air, striking at an invisible adversary, blaspheming at the void above. Blast you, so-and-so, why the hell can't you aim before you fire? why do you fight a war when you haven't the guts to? He clenches his teeth in mock anger and throws curses on the track of the enemy Ganats now gone out of sight. Actually he always feels mad at professional incompetence, and the enemy fliers were worse than incompetent. This is what happened. The enemy spotted a military convoy snailing along the country path close to the forward area and came overhead to strike at it. The Welshman's jeep along with the jeeps of several other newspaper reporters on their way to cover the story at the front, was caught in the convoy and he and his colleagues were forced to take shelter in a ditch. Then the enemy planes came overhead and everybody expected them to score direct hits. But the crew of a machine gun mounted on a vehicle in the convoy calmly went into action; they trained the gun at the foremost enemy plane and let go. The enemy hastily pulled up and beat a retreat. It happened once, twice, three times, a single machine gun engaging four deadly Gnats.

The war correspondents drawn from all over the world gather in the briefing room in the afternoons, among chattering typewriters. Most

of them have seen other wars, in Europe, in Congo, in Korea, in Viet Nam, in Cyprus, but they all agree that they have never seen bloodier action. Occasionally, the correspondents are taken on a tour of the forward areas and they come back after shedding all their preconceived notions about war. They hammer away at their typewriters all the while, for they had never heard of a war like this: the enemy sneaks in at night; yet only to be thrashed and pushed back; an emaciated looking aviator bags five enemy planes in one go, like a seasoned marksman at a partridge shoot; a dreamy eyed Major and his handful of men defy all known bounds of human endurance and stamina to teach the enemy a lesson; handsome, strapping young officers drive their tanks through a flood of steel beating the enemy helter-skelter; enemy drops its bombs at random, missing all vital targets. ......

* * *

Eve of the cease-fire. The President spoke over the radio in the afternoon to announce acceptance of the cease-fire in deference to the United Nations appeal for peace. But will it really be the end of the war? will the zero hour for cease-fire actually come? will the serpent not raise its head again?

Ibne Said (Courtesy Pakistan Quarterly)

* * *

India's comparatively disappointing military performance so far must be ascribed in part to the peculiar disadvantages of its army. The first of these goes back to the long period (which ended in 1952) when Mr. Krishna Menon was Minister of Defence. Menon was not militarily inclined.

The second factor operating to the disadvantage of the Indian army is that there are fairly widespread misgivings among the senior officers about the justification—let alone the wisdom—of going to war over Kashmir..

Evening Standard', London,
September 11, 1965.

A People at War-2

IN EAST PAKISTAN

DAWN was breaking on a day in early September last year when the Indian Canberras and Hunters brought the war to East Pakistan and bombed civilian areas at Dacca, Chittagong, Jessore and Rangpur. As the morning wore on, PAF Sabres responded fiercely and after a lightning swoop on Kalaikunda, near Midnapur, in West Bengal, returned to their bases with an enviable bag of eleven Canberras destroyed and five damaged on the ground. The days that followed witnessed a few more sneak air attacks by Indian planes and prompt retaliatory strikes by our Sabres on Bagdogra, Kalaikunda and Agartala.

On September 8, Indian guns opened a heavy and harrassing fire on Pakistan territory near Moghalhat with small arms and 25-pounder field artillery. Our troops returned the fire and the Indian guns were silenced. The Indians resorted to similar unprovoked firing on many occasions during the next sixteen days and the border skirmishes, some serious, continued till the cease-fire.

This was the share of East Pakistan in the combat during the Indo-Pakistan war but the conflit had brought an all embracing revolution in this wing. The communications between East Pakistan and West Pakistan snapped but their hearts were beating as one. Never in our history had the geographical barrier between the two wings looked so insignificant and inconsequential. We now know that there was deep concern in West Pakistan about the security of East Pakistan. What happened in West Pakistan was of equally great concern and profound im-

portance to every East Pakistani because with those events was linked the destiny of this region. Every victory and triumph on the war fronts in West Pakistan had its echo here.

When Governor Monem Khan presented the cheque for Rs. 25 million to the President of Pakistan as East Pakistan's contribution towards the defence fund, he emphasised that the bulk of the contribution had come from the small donors, the common man. Never in East Pakistan had such an amount been collected for any cause, be it cyclone or other natural calamities, which have been afflicting this wing during the last two decades.

During the war, a new sense of identification was born between the broad masses of people and men in uniform. The valorous deeds of East Pakistanis in West Pakistan once for all exploded the myth that East Pakistanis were not a martial race, thus bringing people and the men at arms in this wing very close to each other. The soldier about whose deeds the poets in West Pakistan have been singing from time immemorial, now for the first time became the subject of adoration in this wing—a hero, defender and friend all combined in one.

In one of the forward areas an army officer approached a village patriarch and advised him to evacuate his people to safer places. The old man was indignant. "Bhai, you think that we will leave you at such a time! I can assure you that we will stand and fight by your side."

Words cannot depict the morale of the aroused people in this wing. The upsurge of patriotic fervour was an inspiring thing to see. One evening a rumour was spread in one of the villages in the Comilla district that the Indians had crossed the border. A yelling crowd of more than ten thousand persons equipped with *Lathis* and other arms, marched in the glow of the setting sun towards the border 'to crush the forces of aggression.' The crowd was stopped after a few hundred yards and assured that nothing had happened, and, in any case, the army was there to look after such things. Still, some of the young sturdy people among them insisted that they should be allowed to help the fighting forces in repelling the attack.

The civil population had acquired a morale during this period which rivalled that of the fighting forces. Their one consuming passion was to contribute their mite towards the defence of the country and help the guardians of the frontier by every conceivable mean. Dawn, dusk, moon-rise and moon-set, current and tides, the flow of rivers, the clouds, the weather and stars, these hitherto had been matters of compelling importance in the lives of the people of this riverine region.

All that changed. The soldier and his affairs were now the focus of all their attention.

East Pakistan heard the news that the country was at war with India with great equanimity. The people were completely unruffled and attended to their daily chores with more enthusiasm. The bazars and shopping centres wore the same festive looks and the shops had their usual busy day. In the afternoon came a laconic announcement, "Dacca will observe black out tonight." There were 'no rehearsals before, there were no sermons on do's and dont's during black out but when night approached not a light flickered in the vast sprawling metropolis and not a vehicle moved with headlights on. Moving through the dark alleys and the leafy lanes in those pitch dark nights one would come across dozens of young men patrolling the streets, on their own, to see that people abided by the rules. Every one did, and woe to him who did not. But such cases were rare.

There was a great rush in East Pakistan to join the Armed Forces and the Mujahid Force. At one of the recruiting centres in Mymensingh on one day alone ten thousand young boys offered themselves for the armed services. This phenomenon was a manifestation of the people's desire for greater participation in the defence of their motherland.

The resurgence cut across traditional, social, political, economic barriers and prejudices. The workers, peasants, professional men and women, businessmen, traders and industrialists, civil servants, children and youth, young girls and women, students, teachers — every member of the community was up in arms — in spirit at least, against the enemy. Every individual wanted military training so that every house could be converted into an impregnable fortress. Girls who had not handled a kitchen knife before were suddenly seen on the parade grounds with rifles tucked under their arms. Civil defence training courses attracted large numbers of people and the day labourers joined the parades in the evening. In the far-flung and outlying areas the help of the Ansars and Mujahids was sought to impart military training to the people.

The Mujahid force, the second line force, expanded rapidly and went into intensive training. Soon it was a formidable body capable of handling any situation that they could be called upon to face.

The Mujahids were keeping round-the-clock vigil in their own area and looking after its security. Knowing their locality like the palm of their hands, they played a very effective role. Standing under the blazing sun or pouring rain in the performance of their duties the enthusiasm of these 'green troops' was very inspiring.

In East Pakistan, where the terrain is cut up by small and large rivers, communications posed a great problem. Yet, the flow of supplies remained smooth and uninterrupted and the soldiers on the fronts not only got things of daily use but even received their daily newspapers regularly. The civil organizations like the railways, telephones and telegraphs, steam companies, were out to do anything they could for the defence authorities. Once a telephone line was to be laid and the work which would normally have taken a few days was completed in a few hours despite all difficulties.

The soldier on his part faced the Indian menace with supreme courage and dedication. He endured the interminable vigil on the 26 hundred mile long fronts with rare resolution. He was a pillar of strength for the people in the province who could sleep in peace knowing that the soldier was awake and alert.

Pakistani Infantry moving across to take up new positions.



A People at War-3

A NEW AWARENESS

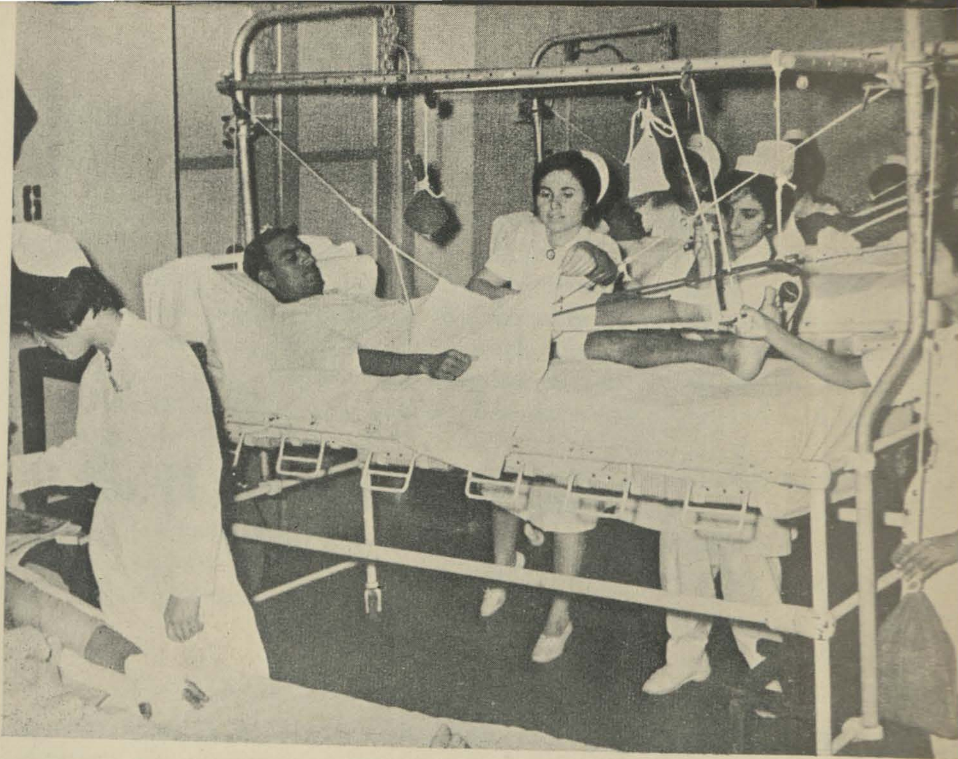
BEHIND the armed forces stood the people of Pakistan strong, resolute, well disciplined, sacrificing — a source of strength and inspiration for the man fighting on the front.

Old and young, men, women and children, in both the wings, rose to make an indestructible edifice of national solidarity. Civilian discipline was of the highest order. Foreign correspondents functioning in Pakistan during war were amazed at the way people observed lighting and other restrictions and remarked that they had not seen such perfect discipline in Europe during the World War II.

September the 6th, 1965 — what a metamorphosis it brought about in our national fabric! This day, one year ago, our nation attained its full manhood, and from the crucible of trials, it emerged as a living and dynamic entity.

The 17-day war gave the nation a new awareness of its 'self'. It generated a patriotic upsurge and a sense of oneness transcending all other considerations. The entire nation rose in one body to confront and overcome the challenge from India.

As the armed forces took the enemy on along the borders, the people in their own way and manner plunged themselves into war efforts, collectively and individually. At 11 A.M. on that momentous day came the stirring broadcast of the President: "We are at war. Our brave soldiers have gone forward to repel the enemy. The armed forces of Pakistan will prove their mettle. Armed with the invincible spirit and determina-



One of the morale raising factors during the Indo-Pakistan conflict was the way Pakistan's friends rallied round her in her hour of trial. Among the many-sided assistance provided was the medical and nursing staff which was rushed to Pakistan by Iran and Turkey with medicines and blood plasma for the wounded soldiers. The two pictures here show (above) Turkish and Iranian nurses tending the wounded "Jawans" in a military hospital and (below) posing with a group of cheerful patients.



tion which has never faltered, they will give a crushing blow to the enemy." This they did in full view of the world, and considering the overwhelming odd against, much to everybody's wonderment.

Despite the ebb and flow of war the river of life flowed smooth and unruffled. The 17th death anniversary of the Quaid-i-Azam on September 11, was observed in the usual manner.

Markets remained steady; prices of many essential commodities actually came down. Nothing was hoarded. Nothing was kept back. Nothing went under the counter. And no one bought more than what was his immediate need.

To donate blood for the war-wounded, people made queues in front of the hospitals. In the course of a single day, on one occasion, about a ton of human blood was collected. It was a problem to store and preserve so much of blood.

An old woman was seen fervently pleading that she be allowed to donate blood too. She was in despair when her offer was not accepted in view of her old age.

Woman took up collecting, knitting and sewing clothes for the fighting men. They worked feverishly day and night making gift parcels for the soldiers. Others were engaged in feeding, clothing and sheltering the war uprooted people.

The civil defence organizations were on their toes round the clock, holding demonstrations and training classes for the people in addition to their normal duties.

President's Defence Fund was launched and in a matter of days over 350 million rupees poured into it. In Lahore, an old woman paid in Rs. 1,760—her entire savings. She had taken years to collect the amount for Haj pilgrimage to Mecca.

On all roads leading to the battle-fronts people thronged on both sides, all hours of the day, offering snacks, cold drinks, tea and cigarettes, to the troops on the move. They would be running alongside the slow moving convoys, entreating soldiers to partake their food offerings.

In the world of art and literature the 17-day war brought about a real revolution. It transformed the artists — writer, composer, poets, painter — and the newspaper man into front line fighters on the intangible, yet vital front of art. Poetry rode high on the wings of patriotism. Cities like Sialkot and Lahore became the subjects of many an immortal ballad. The exploits of the soldiers were versified and set to stirring music.

This was the inspiring spectacle of a whole nation in arms—people

standing side by side with the armed forces to face the challenge from across the border, courageously and dynamically. It also bore a glowing testimony to the fact that in the face of unity, stability and determination of a free and proud people, the weight of numbers is merely a dead weight.

* * *

Pakistan armed forces were able to break through the Indian aggression by launching a counter-attack and destroyed 30 Indian planes within two days. It is noteworthy that though the Pakistan armed forces are smaller in quantity compared with those of India, yet their spirit is high and they have achieved more victories than the armies of India....

Convinced that Pakistan is on the right and with the blessing of Almighty Allah, Pakistan will surely win..

'Angkatan Bersendjaja', Djakarta, September 9, 1965.

The Navy Goes into Action

WITH indomitable courage and defiant spirit, officers and men of the Pakistan Navy faced the much larger navy of the enemy during the September war and kept it away from the country's shores. The whole naval organisation remained in a constant state of readiness; the ships carried out their assigned tasks and were always prepared to engage the enemy irrespective of the odds against them. 'Ready-to-give-battle' was the watchword of the Pakistan Naval Flotilla which, throughout the war, successfully maintained normalcy in harbours, ensured safety of the merchant shipping, guarded the sea lanes and foiled enemy attempts to interfere with the country's commerce. The Navy did not confine itself to a defensive role, but with dash and daring carried war into the enemy waters. It struck a powerful blow to the enemy by bombarding the fortress of Dwarka.

Situated a little over two hundred miles south-west of Karachi, the fortress of Dwarka, with its powerful radar installations, kept watch both on aircrafts' flights and ships' movements. In particular, it afforded protection to Jamnagar and Bombay by giving timely warning against possible attack from air and sea. Moreover, it directed its own aircraft to targets in West Pakistan. It was decided to deny these facilities to the enemy.

At midday on 7th September, the orders were flashed to the Pakistan Naval Flotilla to bombard Dwarka. Within minutes the news was buzzing through the ward-rooms and the lower decks. There was



Naval guns go into action

Loading the guns on board a Pakistan Navy ship.



excitement and flurry of preparations. Grizzled sailors, who had sailed wide oceans, seen strange lands, knew exactly what they had to do. None under-estimated the enemy who, by any standard, had a formidable offensive force consisting of an aircraft-carrier, a heavy cruiser, a light cruiser and a number of destroyers. But no one was worried on that score although there was no false bravado. With grim determination every one set to his task. The thought uppermost in everybody's mind was to crush the enemy.

During the dark night, ships taking part in the operation closed up at "Action Stations". The operation rooms, the nerve-centres of the ships, were fully manned. The eyes of the navigating officers were glued to their respective radar screens. All eyes were vigilant, all ears intent. The radar screens were clear, reports were being passed to the Flag Ship where they were sifted, filtered and finally evaluated for dissemination to the ships-in-company. By 22.00 hours all were set to go. Now and then the air crackled with sharp orders passing from the Flag Ship. The fleet raced towards its objective, P.N.S. Alamgir leading and Tippu Sultan bringing up the rear. Precisely at midnight all guns were bearing at Dwarka.

Fifteen minutes past midnight, the guns boomed together as if fired by one trigger. The still air was rent by deafening thunder. A red flame, a little smoke and the majestic recoil of 4.5 and then shells would hurl through the air every few seconds to bring destruction to the target. Soon the air was filled with the acrid smell of cordite. And then as the clock-hands moved to 30 minutes past midnight all guns ceased fire and a silence fell over the sea. Dwarka was in flames.

The ships moved into their new stations. The sky was pitch dark; clouds hung over the sea. The fleet moved north-ward; silent, majestic and defiant. Swiftly and silently the grey hulls cut their path. Their mission accomplished, their blows delivered, the proud man of the Pakistan Navy stood at their action stations. In that dark night, the brave sailors of the Pakistan Navy accomplished their task with triumph.

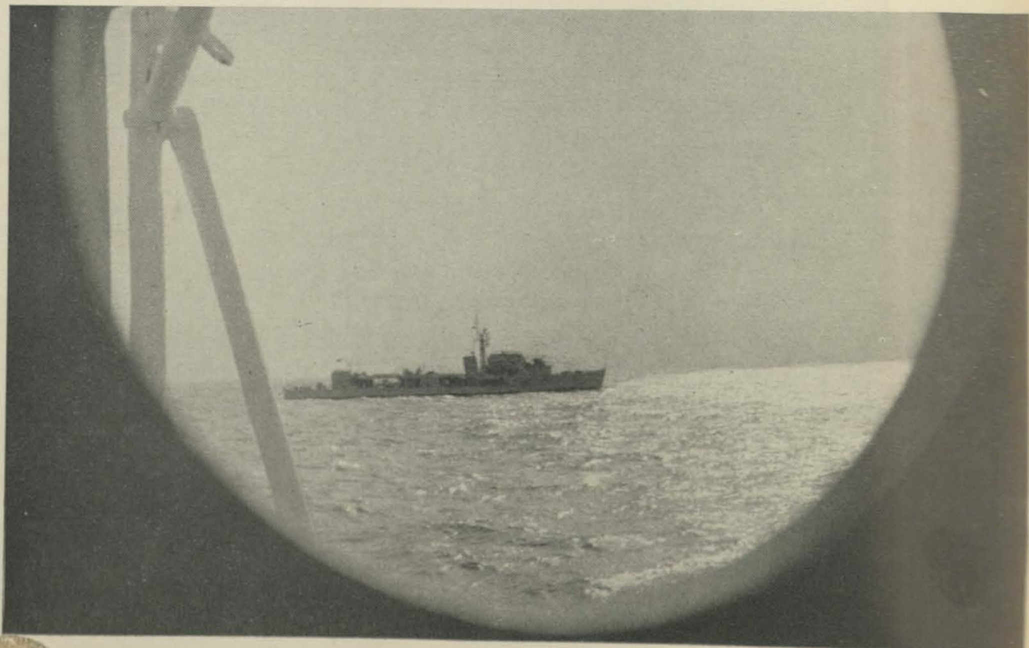
During the war Pakistan Navy siezed a large quantity of enemy cargo, contraband goods, barges and vessels including three big merchant ships. Various Naval Area Commanders, were appointed as the Detaining Officers by the Government. The management and disposal of the enemy property involved delicate problems which were successfully tackled in cooperation with the civil authorities. The naval authorities scrupulously observed the international laws and treated the enemy personnel kindly.

Three ocean-going enemy ships seized by the Pakistan Navy were



Look out for the enemy

The eternal vigil at sea



s.s. JAIRAJENDRA and s.s. SARSVATI at Karachi and s.s. SAKEELA at Chalna. Apart from these a number of inland water crafts and barges were also seized at various riverine ports in East Pakistan.

In accordance with the various Proclamations of the Government declaring contraband of war, the manifest of neutral ships on their arrival at Pakistan ports were scrutinised by the Detaining Officers and those consignments which were identifiable as contraband of war and were destined for enemy ports were seized and brought for adjudication before the Prize Courts.

Although these seizures were carried out by naval personnel, they were effected under the International Law on Prize and not by show of force. Proper writs of the competent Court of Judicature were issued to the masters of the neutral vessels who were explained the whys and whereofs on prize and the legal nature of the seizure. The crews of the seized enemy vessels were given humane treatment in accordance with the Geneva Convention of 1949.

During the 17-day war, Pakistan Navy mostly remained on the offensive and with the blessings of God and the prayers of the people came out of the struggle unscathed. Today the maritime force of Pakistan are completely intact and ready to defend the sacred land of Pakistan against any threat.

*   *   *

Foreign correspondents based in India and Pakistan were more or less unanimous in their assessment as revealed in their despatches and reports that the Indian offensive has failed to make any appreciable dent into Pakistan's defence.

More and more Afro-Asian countries are expressing their strong condemnation of Indian aggression against Pakistan, and Iran and Turkey are discussing how to give military assistance to Pakistan....

'*Djakarta Daily Mail*',
September 11, 1965.



Squadron Leader M.M. Alam, S. J. and Bar who shot nine Indian Hunters and damaged two in air combats during the war. His bag of five planes in one bout over Sargodha is a world record.

Battle of Sargodha

THE city of Sargodha stands today as the proud witness to India's humiliation in the fiercest and most decisive battle for air superiority between Pakistan and India. The day-long battle which was fought in the skies of this beautiful sprawling city, shattered the enemy air force's morale and confidence. After this beating the Indians never dared to intrude into our country's air-space during daylight, barring sneak raids on the border towns of Pakistan. It was a unique event in the history of aerial warfare that an air force six times the size of its adversary and possessing better aircraft and weaponry, came down to its knees in one single blow.

On the morning of September 6, India attacked Pakistan and the same evening the Pakistan Air Force launched the offensive. The old faithful F-86 Sabres went into action against the Indian Air Force bases at Pathankot, Adampur and Halwara, destroying a large number of aircraft and inflicting heavy damage to the installations. Thus the challenge was thrown in. With the pre-dawn lights the next morning Sargodha was wide awake and a sense of expectation prevailed over the P.A.F. base. The gunners were ready and aircraft had been finally checked and loaded. The stand-by pilots were waiting in their planes for the call to scramble. Suddenly a rocket swished past a group and exploded a few yards away. Then another rocket. The enemy had accepted the challenge. The PAF was ready for him.

Six Mystere jet fighters of the enemy air force had come flying low,

firing their rockets and guns haphazardly. Instantly from the far-end of the runway an F-104 Star-fighter leaped into the air. The Star-fighter, with Flight Lieutenant Amjad Hussain in the cockpit, overtook the Mysteres which were already on the run. A sharp cannon burst from the Star-fighter and in seconds two of the Mysteres exploded in the air. Down on the ground the army too had its eyes on the sleek Indian machines. Col. Gondle (Ack-Ack Commander) and his boys, had their sights zeroed on the fleeing Indians and got two Mysteres which fell down in flames in the nearby fields. The remaining two escaped.

The all-clear siren had just sounded when the raid warning came again. This time it was six Hunters. And now the fabulous Squadron Leader Alam ("Peanut" to his friends) and his protege, Flying Officer Masood Akhter, were there to greet them.

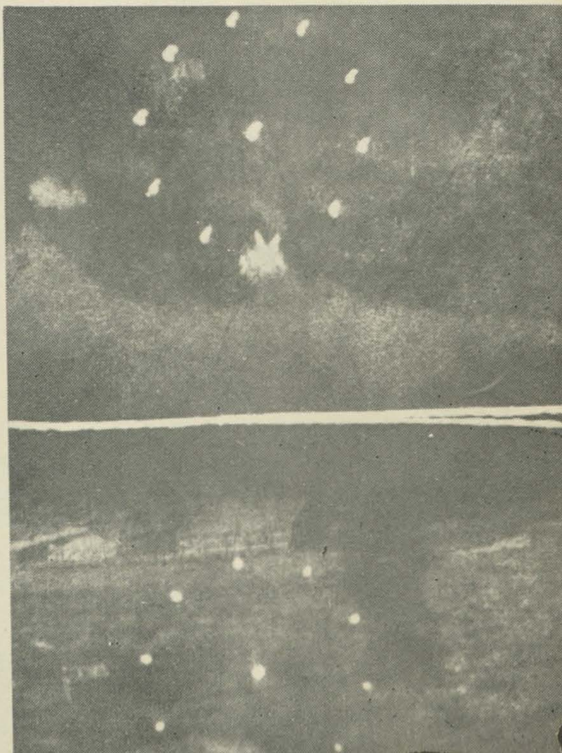
The two were flying at 10,000 feet when they heard a call that Sargodha was under attack. At first they spotted four Hunters and both of them dived to deck-level (about 40 feet above the ground) to engage the enemy. Three of the Hunters broke to the right and the fourth turned to left. Alam with Masood protecting his tail, followed the bogie (enemy aircraft) on the left which now reversed to the right. They jettisoned the drop-tanks to increase speed and manoeuvrability and zoomed after him. After chasing him for about two minutes over Chenab river, Alam caught him and a burst from his guns saw the end of the Indian.

The pair now went after the other Hunters. They had been flying for about three minutes when Masood's voice came on Alam's radio "Lead, five Hunters, 11 O'clock, low". Both of them went into a circle. The leader of the enemy aircraft tried to take on Masood but the Pakistani pilot was too quick for him. He sharply banked towards the right and cleared off the enemy range. Meanwhile the sharpshooter Alam gave two quick bursts on the two Hunters which had come within his range. With flames and dark smoke shrouding them, the Hunters dashed to the ground.

"Lead, your tail is clear" called out Masood on the R/T, "Keep it up, boy, I am going after the other," Squadron Leader Alam replied. They completed another circle when Alam caught the fourth Hunter. A quick burst and it was flaming down towards the fields. Now came the turn of the enemy leader. Alam followed by Masood went after him. In the meantime the Number 2 of the enemy formation put a 90 degree bank and scurried away. Both of them were now on the tail of the enemy leader, who, try as he would with his more powerful aircraft, was no match for the great Alam who got on his tail and gave a quick burst.



A Hunter emitting smoke after it was hit by a Sabre in a combat.



Gun-camera film of a MIG-21 Super sonic interceptor burning during PAF attack of Pathankot.

The Hunter exploded in the air. Within half an hour the Indian Air Force had lost nine Jet fighters—four Mysters and five Hunters. As Alam landed and taxied his aircraft to the tarmace a big crowd of officers and airmen had gathered there. A full-throated '*Nara-e-Takbir*', the victory cry, greeted him. The man had created history. Never in the annals of aerial warfare has a pilot shot down so many aircraft in one single combat. He had also broken the myth that the Sabre is no match for the more powerful and speedier Hunter. He proved that it is the man in the cockpit who holds sway.

Indians must have had a big shock to see only three out of 12 aircraft coming back to their base. After that they were never the same again. In the afternoon four enemy Mysteres came on the scene but simply scurried away when they saw a Sabre approaching. But it was not the end of the day's game. The sun shedding its last rays over the base before disappearing behind the Kirana Hills had to see what grit goes into the making of the PAF men. A pilot, Flight Lieutenant Malik was inspecting his aircraft when two Mysteres came in for attack. Bullets whizzed past him. An airman, Corporal Sher Bahadur, ran towards him, pulled him aside and lay down on him, shielding him with his body from the raining bullets. No admonishing from the officer could make him clear off and take shelter. "Sir, your life is more precious than mine," said the gallant airman laconically.

As soon as the Mysteres had passed Flt. Lt. Malik thanked the airman, jumped into the cockpit and seconds later his Sabre was knifing through the air in pursuit of the enemy. He overtook the intruders and fired at one of them, which burst into flames. The other ran for his life.

And the historic day came to a close with 10 enemy aircraft shot down over Sargodha skies. In all, the Pakistan Air Force destroyed 31 enemy aircraft that day, the rest being on the Indian bases attacked by the PAF fighter-bombers. The PAF lost one Sabre.

After that the Indians never came over any PAF base in the day-time. It is another story again that although the Indians came over the PAF base at Sargodha every night of the war, the base remained completely unscathed. Afraid of interception and flak, the Indian Canberras never dared to approach the target and unloaded their bombs in the outlying fields and some time on villages, killing innocent people.

The Queen of Chhamb

In the pit of the officers' mess we all sat together relaxed and chatting. After a hard day's jeep riding through hills and dales I found the atmosphere in the mess particularly warm and soothing. The first time I visited the battalion was during their lightning advance through Chhamb. It was on the evening of September 3 when the battalion, having already secured the line of the Munawar Tawi, was in the middle of crossing the river.

The battery commander, a young major, twiddled his moustache lovingly and asked me if I had yet seen the "Chhamb di Rani" (The Queen of Chhamb). I saw no occasion for this abrupt question but just to humour him said, no, unfortunately I hadn't, and could I see 'her' right then? "Wait until tomorrow morning. I would take you round to meet her. You must see her. She is such a darling—such a pet and yet so sure and deadly. She knows she is in the right hands now." More mystery. Still I managed to keep my nonchalance. The battery commander was his usual self, cheerful, and with a sense of humour typical of a soldier. He looked as fresh and radiant as ever, quite unaffected by the strain and stress of war. There was a glow on his face and it looked fuller.

"The war seems to have done you lot of good", I remarked, "I thought by now you would have gone grey and had crow's feet around your eyes. But there you are, as if fresh from a holiday."

"You'r not far too wrong", he returned, "it has been the time of our life. We had the enemy on the run everywhere. Our guns gave him

absolute hell, a real fare of some of the most accurate and devastating fire. It was all by the grace of Allah."

There was a brief pause. Inside the earthen-bowl of the mess the collapsable field dining table was covered with white linen. On one side was another table and a stool with a basin and jugful of hot water for washing. It was dinner-time, and we all were waiting for the battalion commander to come. He had been out on a round and was expected any moment. There were some six other officers already in the mess. They were all in the pink of health, fit and spirited, oozing vitality. The young adjutant was the very picture of courtesy looking after me and making sure that I was comfortable.

Presently the commanding officer entered the mess and we all stood up to welcome him. "Oh, it's you", he said shaking me by the hand, "nice to see you again. Rather late; but better late than never. We had plenty of fun here after you left us last time. Are you quite comfortable?"

"I am sure I am. The adjutant has been fussing over me like one would fuss over a VIP".

"You'r a VIP, all right old boy, as far as this battalion is concerned. Did he tell you about his heart-beat....the 'Chhamb di Rani'?" he said turning to the battery commander. "Oh, yes Sir. He has already promised a visit to her, first thing in the morning."

"I am glad he has. He is always so full of her. We must all be thankful to the Commander-in-Chief for having given her away to us. How about a cup of tea?" The adjutant had already given me two but there was no question of a refusal.

As we sipped our tea, the CO asked for the news from the outside world. "For the time being," I said, "the news is being made right here. The entire nation is watching for news from you. There is hardly anything that we, living comfortably in our peacetime quarters, can give you by way of news."

The CO smiled modestly. He was in his late 30s, but looked maturer than his years. "We are only doing our job", he said, "You are the real news-makers".

"I feel mad with all of you," cut in the battery commander addressing me, "you seem to maintain hardly any liaison with the public".

"Well, what happened? What makes you feel so unhappy with my breed?"

"Can't you even guess?" he said; and left me wondering. Another quizz! and for want of a guess I merely smiled uncertainly.

"I will tell you what his grouse is", the CO interrupted noticing my embarrassment, "Well, you must have heard that song of Noor Jehan— what are the wordings?.... oh yes, the one that ends with... 'kurnail ni Jurnail ni..' He is very sore about the 'Major' having been completely ignored in the song. I told him that same would be true of a 'Brigadier'; but that won't comfort him". Everyone laughed heartily at the CO's remarks.

"Isn't it also a fact sir?" rejoined the battery commander, "Can you deny that there has been a very grave omission?"

"Grave indeed, too grave," the CO chuckled in the midst of another round of hearty laughter.

The table had already been set for dinner. We were served a delicious, wholesome meal. 'Rubri, was served for sweet. It was delicious and I said so. "That's nothing," said the CO, "the battery commander is a great one at improvising sweet dishes. He can conceive one right under fire. On one occasion he gave us 'kheer' made from pool water. It was neither milk nor rice nor 'kheer'. But it was sweet, just the same; and that was a lot under the circumstances. On another occasion right in the thick of an artillery barrage, he gave us thick, sweet tea, and I dare say it was the best cup of tea I ever had."

The battery commander's face beamed with a happy smile. Then he narrated the whole story about how they had all learnt to live off the land during the attack. They drank straight out of the pool much to the chagrin and horror of the doctor. The young doctor who was sitting next to me confirmed the battery commander's statement.

"It was amazing", said the young doctor, "the way everybody roughed it. I kept on worrying about the consequences but nothing ever happened to anyone. A soldier in action, imbued with the will to fight, can be a perfect enigma to a doctor. He can defy all the laws of simple hygiene and get away with it."

The commanding officer went over a brief history of the operation. He said that by the grace of God they were able to achieve their mission within hours of orders. By afternoon on the first of September his battalion had fully secured the line of the river Tawi and made a crossing soon after. On September 2 they were in full control of Chhamb and Sukrana. There was tremendous 'Josh' and determination amongst the 'jawans' and the officers and their only desire was to advance at all costs. They showed a rare endurance and fortitude in face of all difficulties.

"At times we ran out of water, and while we were literally drenched to our skins with sweat, there was not a drop of water with which to

moisten our lips. The enemy had highly fortified positions, concerete bunkers and weapon traps all along the river and across, but nothing seemed to stand between our jawans and their objective. Despite heavy enemy shelling, we kept on advancing and cut the very ground underneath his feet. The enemy was very soon on the run, leaving behind a whole lot of equipment ranging from field guns and tanks to mess stores."

The CO commented that inspite of very strong defences, the enemy showed an extremely diffident mentality. Hardly ever he dare wait for the advancing Pakistani troops to close in and always seemed to play it safe. Many Indians we caught, seemed almost eager to become prisoners of war.

Talking of the Indian prisoners of war, the commanding officer said that they received the best treatment possible—even better than what was laid down by the Geneva Convention. He said that our Muslim tradition of generosity and clemency towards the vanquished foe was better than any international covenant on the subject. He cited an example when his men and officers gave away their rations to the prisoners who looked literally starved.

"At the time of their capture though," the CO went on to say, "some of them looked scared. Their commanders had told them that the Pakistanis were not going to spare their lives. But their fears were soon dispelled, as contrary to the false warnings of their commanders, they found the Pakistanis offering them every help and comfort. They even gave them their own share of fresh fruit like 'sarda'. The wounded were given prompt medical aid. Even their blindfolds were removed. In no time they were put at ease and were laughing and enjoying themselves."

The CO excused himself a little while after dinner. He had some work to do in his bunker. We went on talking in an atmosphere of ease and comfort as coffee and green tea was served.

Then we all decided to retire. I was shown into my bunker. My bed had been made already. Compared to the near freezing temperature outside, it was so nice and warm inside. I felt pleasantly heavy with fatigue and good food. A hurricane lantern hanging by a line cast a pale light around. For one not fully acclimatized to the field conditions the atmosphere was at once romantic and mysterious. I rubbed my hands for warmth, hurriedly changed into my sleeping clothes and plunged into the warm folds of my quilt. I wanted to read something, but was soon asleep.

Then suddenly I woke up with a start. The hurrican lantern was still burning. I did not know what time it was and looked at my watch. It was



Not the "Chhamb di Rani" but a captured Indian tank, obviously now in better hands of Pakistani tanksmen.

Looking healthy, happy and cheerful, the Indian prisoners of war are cheering their favourites in the three-legged race in one of the camp's sports meets.



five in the morning. There were sounds of Azan from all around the battalion headquarters. They rose faintly first, but soon developed into a powerful crescendo of 'Allah-o-Akbar'. It was the 'jawans' calling for the early morning prayers from their trenches. Neither the strain of the field duties nor the proximity of the enemy kept them from the performance of their prayers. The hills around were resonant with the sounds of Azan. My heart filled with a strange kind of awe and reverance. '*Yeh Ghazi yeh tere pur asrar bande— Jinhen tu ne baksha hai Zauq-i-Khudai*'. These lines of Iqbal came rushing to my mind as I lay in my bed. The wick of the lantern suddenly leapt and went out plunging the bunker into darkness. I stayed in my bed repeating the lines of Iqbal.

About half an hour later the orderly brought me a mug of hot tea. After tea I had a quick shave and wash and changed to go to the mess for the breakfast. The battery commander was already in, waiting for me. We had a quick breakfast of porridge, eggs and toast and were soon on our way to see the "Chhamb di Rani". On the way the battery commander also took me to the mosque at Phawrean di Dhok, which after having been badly damaged by the Indian shelling, had been fully repaired and restored by the Pakistani gunners. It stood there dazzlingly white against an early morning sun.

"It was in ruins after the Indian barrage; but the boys soon put it right", said the battery commander, "We now offer our daily prayers here." It was indeed an excellent job of work the 'jawans' had done inspite of the many operational duties which claimed the better part of their day and night.

Chhamb is a beautiful country with the ears of corn and stems of tall grass swaying ecstatically in the fresh morning breeze. It has a rolling undulating landscape now rising now falling, and the Tawi runs through it like a blue ribbon of silk. We drive with our windshield down and slaps of the cold breeze hit me full in the face. The battery commander talked intermittently of the examplary morale and determination of his men. Nothing ever seemed to matter to them except the completion of their mission.

"On the contrary", he said, "the enemy's morale could not have been lower. This was confirmed by an Indian POW, one Jemadar Lal Singh, a platoon commander. They all imagined, he said, that there was a Pakistani behind every bush.

After about three quarters of an hour we reached the spot where the beloved "Chhamb di Rani" stood under a camouflage net. "There she is! "exclaimed the battery commander pointing towards the spot

where she stood. It was a 25-pounder Indian field gun captured from the line of Tawi near Sukrana along with several other pieces of artillery.

"You see, how calm, cool and dignified she looks. She knows that she is in the right hands now and shall never be abandoned as she was before."

So this was the "Chhamb di Rani." It was a solitary piece of artillery but for its captors it had a value and price too big to assess. It was the symbol of the utter rout to which our brave men had put the enemy forcing him to drop every thing and run for dear life. With his arms folded across his chest, the battery commander had a long and lingering look at the 'Queen of Chhamb'; he did really seem to have lost his heart to her.

The Desert is Neutral

Lieutenant P.C. Vayas of 3rd Bombay Grenadiers sat down on the evening of Ist December to write a letter to his father, a retired Lieutenant Colonel of the Indian Army Service Corps. Lieut. Vayas was not quite happy with the shape of things around him. Less and less supply trucks were reaching their post at Sadewala, twenty-five miles north-west of their main base at Ramgarh and seventy miles from Jaisalmir, capital of the old Rajputana State. He wrote:

"....the situation is becoming very serious. The enemy seems to be all around us. I do not know whether this letter will ever reach you...."

Lieut. Vayas could well have been sitting before a crystal ball. His forebodings came out true. The letter never reached his father. It was found on a small mound overlooking the Sadewala basin, among an assortment of odds and ends dropped by the fleeing Indians—a shaving brush, a pair of shorts, a Hindi novel, one side of a pair of woollen socks, a half empty tin of foot powder and many other personal belongings.

All these objects lay among bodies of dead Indian soldiers strewn over the gently sloping mounds of sand and thorny shrubs—tell-tale signs of the Indian forces' sharp defeat in the battle of Sadewala.

Casually sweeping the sandy expanse at a glance, you wonder, why a battle at Sadewala? In the first place, what is Sadewala? There is nothing in the landscape that could be suspected of bearing a proper name. Sadewala could only be a geographical term, a map reference; perhaps it is the name of the well. A well in the desert is a thing of importance.

It can have a name if it likes; it can have a personality. A well can affect events; it can decide issues.

Sadewala was in the Rajasthan territory captured by Pakistan's Desert Force during the war. India had tried to keep their people in the dark about Pakistan's vast gains in Rajasthan. But, try what they would, New Delhi could not hide the fact from one people they wanted to hide from most. They are the Rajputs, the proud warlike people inhabiting the vast desert lands of Bikaner, Jaisalmir and further beyond. In days of chivalry the Rajputs never surrendered to the enemy. If defeat appeared inevitable their womenfolk would all burn themselves ceremonially and the men would go forth to fight to death. Those days are no more. The Rajputs stood impotently as the Pakistani forces swooped across the desert at will while the bellicose Indian Government was claiming victories every hour of the day. The Rajputs were feeling terribly let down and they were angry. It is to placate their rising tempers that the Indian Government started its adventures in Rajasthan—a process of nibbling a bit here, a bit there. They succeeded in places as Pakistani forces were thin on the ground, just guarding important posts. The two countries had agreed to ceasefire and it was naturally presumed that India would also observe the ground rules.

Unfortunately India had a different code of conduct. First of all she made the preposterous allegation that Pakistan had occupied all the area in Rajasthan after the ceasefire. Having said that, she thought she was absolved of her obligation to the terms of the agreement. In the middle of November the Indians came in force on Sadewala. The lonely post was held by a few Mujahids.

Sadewala is indeed a lonely post like many other posts in Rajasthan area. Your next door neighbour is 30 miles away, the next waterhole over 50 miles. In between there is one vast vacant space, uninhabited, uninhabitable. You leave Khinju and you step into the desert which will never end. For a while you drive on sandy flats. Then the land starts undulating. You climb a hill, reach the crest and ride down the gentle slope into a basin and on to the next hill. This goes on and on.

From a height these folds on the earth's crust look almost like a sea in swell—the waves rising and falling smoothly—the same rhythm, the same endlessness.

The landscape is not completely bare. Trees there are, and shrubs dwarfish in that inhospitable land, trunks and limbs all gnarled, dry, crumbling. The wonder is that vegetation exists at all on a land which gets a shower once in two or three years.



Pakistan's flag flutters proudly over the romantic Rajput fort of Kishengarh in Rajasthan where Pakistan army was in occupation of over 1200 square miles of Indian territory.

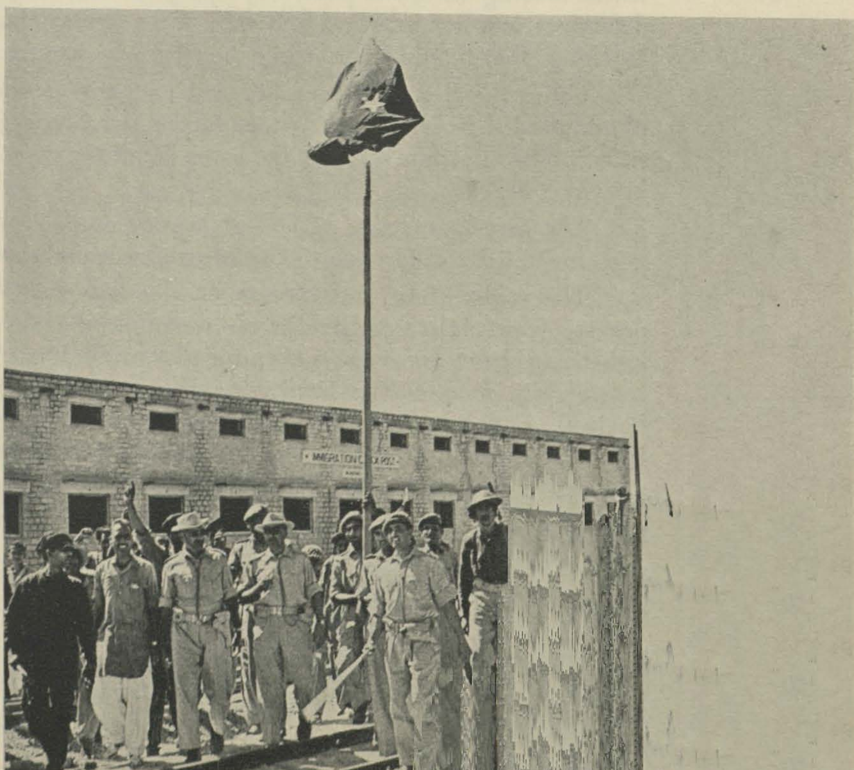


Three Pakistani officers pose for picture in front of the imposing structure of the ancient Rajasthan fort at Gotaro. This was one of the chain of forts and other fortifications captured by Pakistan's Desert Force during last fall's Indo-Pakistan war.



Munabao, the important railway station of Rajasthan, loudly contradicting India's persistent propaganda that Munabao was not taken by Pakistan.

Pakistani soldiers, proudly carrying aloft Pakistan's flag , pass the custom house when they captured Munabao.



Such is the land of Rajasthan in which Indian adventurism has been provocatively saucy, creating many incidents. One of the incidents was their encroachment on Sadewala, about 14 miles inside Indian boundary but which had been in Pakistan's hands since our forces occupied it during the September War.

The Indian force which took over Sadewala comprised a unit of the 3rd Bombay Grenadiers, the 4th Rajasthan Armed Constabulary, the 11th Rajasthan Armed Constabulary, the 13 Grenadiers and elements of the 2nd Sikh Light Infantry.

The Grenadiers were one of the elite units of the Indian Infantry. Before coming to Rajasthan the Grenadiers had the distinction of serving in New Delhi as the President's Bodyguard. The unit was very proudly conscious of that honour. They also claimed, though not in so many words, that they were the only unit of the Indian Army which put up any fight against the Chinese in the NEFA incident. They might well have. At Sadewala the Grenadiers fought very bravely. Physically they look the toughest group that had faced us. Each man appeared to have been hand-picked. The Rajasthan Armed Constabulary were a good fighting outfit as was the Sikh Light Infantry, although, relatively, they were small in number at the Sadewala post.

The post itself is a foursome of rolling sandy hills ringing in a widish basin. It was held in strength and the Indians were quite confident that they could keep the post against all comers. With only a few camel tracks leading on to the post, deployment of any large force against the defenders was not practical and they were strong enough to deal with anything that could reasonably be thrown against them.

Came the first of December and that confidence seemed to have plummeted sharply. If a subaltern of the 3rd Grenadiers knew that the situation had become serious, the force commander would have certainly known too.

The fore-knowledge of Desert Force's impending attack seems to have made little difference to the course of events that were to follow.

The night of Ist/2nd December was like any other night in the desert, very chilly, and, with no moon in the sky, very dark. The Indians had been uneasy in their minds for many days. As night wears on, tension can mount. The Indian look-outs, peering anxiously over the horizon, could have got little comfort from the vague forms of hills looming dark and ominous. Minutes ticked off. And then, at 5.30 in the morning, hell broke loose. They fought desperately but they could not

resist for very long the furious onslaught of our Desert Force. By 10 a.m. it was all over. The post was in our hands.

The attack on Sadewala was an example of an operation boldly conceived, meticulously planned and carried out with singular daring and determination. Every thing went as ordered. The Desert Force Commander was watching the operation from a vantage point a few thousand yards away. To him it appeared almost like a well rehearsed film sequence being shot at the location. Both the enemy and his own force appeared to be strictly following the script. At 10 o'clock he could almost have shouted to the Indians on his loud-hailer: "You have to stop now, damn you! You are supposed to get up and run!"—And the enemy played its part faithfully. They got up and ran. "Cut"! the "Director" could easily have shouted at that time.

The fighting lasted only four and a half hours but that is no measure of the quality of the fight the Indians put up at Sadewala. The Commander and the Officers who actually took part in the action agreed that the Indians, for a change, fought stubbornly. But the Pakistani boys had unleashed such a ferocious attack that few could have withstood that onslaught for any longer period of time.

Looking at the mission of the Desert Force a stranger would not have risked a very heavy bet on their outright victory. But a stranger could not have been expected to know the fibre of Pakistan's fighting men. Time and again they have proved that strength does not lie in numbers and arms alone. It is the spirit and the fighting qualities of the soldier that tilt the balance. Superbly trained, superbly led, the soldiers of Pakistan Army have one extra factor that lends them immeasurable superiority. They go to the battle with this sublime motivation that they are responding to the Divine will. The thought makes them impervious to any sense of fear. Who can match the dauntless courage of a man for whom "Shahadat" is the most coveted goal?

It is not the time to relate tales of individual valour and bravery. Those stories will unfold in due course. One incident can be narrated to illustrate the basic difference in attitudes of the men on the two sides. A Pakistani Officer with four or five men had captured a Lieutenant of the Grenadiers and commanded him to order his men to surrender. From where they stood, the Indians, a platoon strength, could have mowed them down with small arms' fire. But the Indians had no fight left in them by that time and the cool courage of the Pakistani Officer made the Indian Lieutenant just obey what he was told to do. The Indians laid down their arms and were being marched off when the Lieutenant asked

the Pakistani Officer: "What is your rank, Captain? Major?" When the Pakistani Officer informed him that he was a Lieut-Colonel, the Indian could not believe it. He could not imagine a Lieut-Colonel being in the thick of the battle. "Our Lieutenant Colonels are all in Ramgarh, you know," he said in a tone which could ill conceal his bitterness.

The Desert Force boys not only fought valiantly, they fought with great skill and coordination. Rarely has a determined enemy, well dug in on high ground been dislodged with such negligible losses to the attackers. Only 4 of our men fell on the battlefield in the Sadewala action. The full number of enemy casualties could only be guessed. Our men counted 155 dead bodies including that of a Major and a Captain. But trails of blood could be seen stretching far along the direction towards which the remnant of the Indian force tried to escape. Where could they go? They could not reach any Indian post; our men were blocking all routes to those posts. The direction which they took led to waterless, shelterless wilderness. Few could have survived a trek through that cruel land.

In the Sadewala battle we captured 36 Indian soldiers. A considerable quantity of war material, too, fell into our hands. This included mortars, machine-guns and other small arms, wireless and telephone equipment, jeeps and trucks. Understandably, there were no large stocks of rations at the post.

The action at Sadewala was sharp, swift and brief. It started at 5.30 a.m. It was all over by 10 a.m. Peace prevailed in the area. When the noise of the battle settled down on the flat basin around the well at Sadewala, a senior officer suddenly noticed a camel of the Rajasthan Armed Constabulary, a fine animal, standing aloof and superior—the only survivor of the Sadewala garrison. No one could say how much he knew of the fate of his masters. Perhaps he did not care.



What remains of the once prosperous Pakistani village, Ratta, six miles South-east of Sialkot.

All Roofs Were Missing

GREEN fields of wheat stood knee high, waving in the cool breeze in the middle of April, as we drove from Sialkot City towards the border, to see for ourselves the destruction wrought by the Indian troops in the areas occupied by them during the war.

In the villages that they held at the time of the cease-fire, not a single roof stands over the houses, not a single door or window frame can be seen. Hardly a nail has been left.

In village Kalewali, a middle aged woman herself stood shyly in the corner of a small enclosure that was once a hut, her arms covered with mud which she was kneading to repair her house. She said she was a widow and had no one in the world to help her, so she must rebuild the house herself. The utter penury of the returning village folk like this





A view of village Khananwali, 3 miles north of Chawinda after the Indian army vacated it. All roofs are missing.

woman could be gathered from the fact that she had not even a cup out of which to drink, except a discarded can found lying around the trenches.

Even houses of worship were not spared, and wherever we went roofs had been taken off for the wooden beams—except in the case of those that were used as kitchens or store-houses. Along the Jammu-Sialkot Road, the noble old shisham trees formed a shady avenue for travellers. Today hundreds of ugly stumps mark the place where the trees had been felled and robbed for timber.

In the village Gadgorh, five miles north-east of Chawinda, one wall of a school building stood in the ruins, and neatly written on it were pathetic exhortations to the young to seek knowledge. There were numerous such school buildings ruined in the senseless post-war holocaust.

Hardly a well was left usable—whether for drinking or irrigation. All the wells were choked up with garbage, carcasses and corpses. Tube-well machinery was removed and taken away, while the concrete structures were broken up at great pains.

Since water is a prime necessity of life, next only to air, this piece of vandalism achieved its purpose eminently. For lack of water, one could neither wash nor cook nor build nor till.

We travelled and saw village after village lying ransacked and battered out of shape. Aerial photographs show up their unearthly appearance even more forcefully. As they lie roofless and open to sun and rains, they have the look of bee-hives, with nothing but a jumble of empty squares and rectangles. Bajra Garhi, Charwa, Merajke, Salian, Salanke, Harnawali, Jamaljand, Raje, Jarwal, Sayeedanwali, Nanbial—and scores of others are pictures of latter day vandalism. Charwa, which was right on the border, was completely demolished. Ashes and charred bones of the dead were found in the village gutters.

In Lahore sector the story is much the same. All around spread signs of pillage and destruction—the gaping void of roofless houses, toppled walls and charred interiors.

Since it is a fairly progressive locality, all the villages were electrified. Not only were the electrical fittings inside the houses torn away but even the electric poles on the main road were cut above their concrete pedestals, and carted away with the electric wires and fittings.

There were numerous tube-wells run by electricity in this area, installed at considerable expense by prosperous and enterprising farmers. One and all were removed.

—S. Amjad Ali (Courtesy "Pakistan Quarterly")

Tributes to the Brave

I have been a journalist now for 20 years and want to go on record that I have never seen a more confident and victorious group of soldiers than those fighting for Pakistan, right now.

India is claiming all-out victory. I have not been able to find any trace of it. All I can see are troops, tanks and other war material rolling in a steady stream towards the front.

If the Indian Air Force is so victorious, why has it not tried to halt this flow?

The answer is that it has been knocked from the skies by Pakistani planes.

These Muslims of Pakistan are natural fighters and they ask for no quarter and they give none.

In any war, such as the one going on between India and Pakistan right now, the propaganda claims on either side are likely to be startling. But if I have to take a bet today, my money would be on the Pakistan side.

Pakistan claims to have destroyed something like one-third of the Indian Air Force, and foreign observers, who are in a position to know say that Pakistani pilots have claimed even higher kills than this; but that the Pakistani Air Force authorities are being scrupulously honest in evaluating these claims. They are crediting Pakistan Air Force only those killings that can be checked from other sources.

Roy Meloni, Correspondent of
American Broadcasting Corporation,
September 15, 1965.

WORSE THAN A TRAGEDY....The Indian military wanted to avenge their defeat at the hands of China in 1962. They wanted to restore their prestige among Indian masses. With this they also wanted to have a political influence over the country. They wanted to settle the Kashmir problem with military force. In the Indian Army there were a number of officers who blamed Nehru for accepting the cease-fire and not permitting the Indian Army to sweep over the whole of Kashmir and settle the problem by force.

Indian military also wanted to prove to the Western powers that Pakistan had no military value and usefulness for the West and, therefore, all the help should be given to Indian Army.

Pakistan army has frustrated all these designs of the Indian army. Neither Lahore nor any other part of Pakistan surrendered to India.

Mohammad Odah,
'Al-Gamhouriya', Cairo,
September 12, 1965.

Everyone knows that it is India who is aggressor, it is India who first committed military attack on Pakistan. And for this India must be condemned, Pakistan must be defended....

'Bintang Timur,' Djakarta,
September 13, 1965.

India brought up the bulk of its armoured forces in an effort to force a decision but the Pakistan Armed Forces stood like an impregnable wall and dealt a heavy punishment to the enemy columns....

'The Indonesian Herald,'
September 15,1965.

I am on my way back from the Pakistani front-line. Behind me here in the millet and paddy fields are the buckled, twisted remains of part of an armoured division.

One-fifth of an Indian division has been shattered in what has been the greatest tank battle since World War II.

And there is the smell of death in the burning Pakistan sun. For it was here that India's attacking forces came to a dead stop.

During the night they threw in every reinforcement they could find. But wave after wave of attacks were repulsed by the Pakistani troops.

Screaming Pakistani troops bet off the attacking Indian forces again and again.

Beneath every tree was concealed a jeep or two, armed with bazookas. Meanwhile, the battle-weary Pakistani troops arriving back at divisional headquarters all shouted: "Victory"..

'Daily Mirror' Correspondent,
September 15, 1965.

It is clear from the fury with which the enemy (Pakistan) is fighting on all fronts that it has not been easy for the Indian Army to advance into Pakistan territory.

'Times of India,' Bombay,
September 16, 1965.

In the air, it was much the same story—Indian quantity and Pakistan quality.

Most military observers thought the fighting so far had gone about as expected. In the short run, Pakistan's small, highly trained army is more than a match for the Indians...

The 'Time' Weekly,
September 17, 1965.

Pakistan has been able to gain complete command of the air by literally knocking the Indian planes out of the skies if they had not already run away.

Indian pilots are inferior to Pakistan's pilots and Indian officers' leadership has been generally deplorable. India is being soundly beaten by a nation which it outnumbered by a four and a half to one in population and three to one in size of armed forces.

'Sunday Times', London,
September 19, 1965.

"Though India has a population of 400 million people compared to Pakistan with only a hundred million, Pakistan has faced the aggression of India bravely and has achieved brilliant victories.

'Utusan Melayu', Kuala Lumpur,
September 22, 1965.

Who can defeat a nation which knows to play hide and seek with death?

I may or may not remember the Indo-Pakistan war but I will never forget the smile full of nerve the conducting army officer gave me. This smile told me how fearless and brave are the Pakistani young men.

Playing with fire to these men—from the Jawan to the General Officer Commanding—was like children playing with marbles in the streets.

I asked the GOC, how is it that despite small number you are overpowering the Indians?

He looked at me, smiled and said: "If courage, bravery and patriotism were purchaseable commodities, then India could have got them along with American aid."

Louis Karrar,
'Time' Magazine
September 22, 1965.

Contrary to their expectations, Indian Generals have found fighting with Pakistan forces no mere picnic. Pakistanis have stood like giant rocks before Indian invasion. Reasons for this heroic stand are many, foremost among them is inherent strength of people of Pakistan which they drew from solid social and political unity which Islam has ingrained in their soul. Another reason is strength which Pakistan Forces drew from their modern organisation and armament, in addition to Pakistani soldier's characteristic bravery inherent in the idea of *Jehad.*

'Al-Difa', Daily of Jerusalem,
September 23, 1965.

From this side of the cease-fire line, the truth seems to be this:

Four Indian divisions, one armoured, fought a nonstop battle with

two Pakistani divisions, one armoured.

The Indians tried to swing round Sialkot, take Lahore and cut West Pakistan in two, and thus bring Pakistan to her knees in one swift, decisive campaign.

A force of 420 tanks on both sides slugged it out. Thirty thousand Indian troops met 9,000 Pakistanis in a head-on clash.

Four hundred guns fired hudreds of thousands of rounds of all calibres from 200-pounders (8 inch) to 25 pounder field-batteries.

Two Indian infantry brigades were decimated at one village.

These were the losses on both sides:—

Indian tanks: 120 to 125 destroyed, many damaged. Pakistan tanks (fighting from dug-in positions): 44.

From the battle several main points emerged according to the Pakistanis. The American Patton tank, mounting a 90mm. gun but equipped with a superior sight, proved vastly superior to the British-built Centurion used by the Indians.

The Centurion mounts a 20-pounder gun with longer range but because of its squarer build was found much more vulnerable to armour-piercing shots.

A Risaldar (Warrant Officer) showed me a wrecked Centurion. "I used to serve in the British Army," he said, "You made this one, it's a bloody good tank, take it from me. But I knocked it out".

The cease-fire line was a sight I shall never forget. We had time only to cover a single three-mile stretch of front round a shatttered Punjab town called Chawinda.

I counted 25 brewed-up Centurians and Shermans there alone in less than an hour.

There is no doubt that this was the scene of what the Pakistanis consider a moral victory for them.

Outnumbered three-to-one they beat the Indians to a standstill, and were about to mount a counter-attack in the last six hours before the cease-fire when they were stopped on political grounds.

Donald Seaman,
'Daily Express', London,
September 24, 1965.

One thing I am convinced of is that Pakistan morally and even physically won the air battle against immense odds.

Although the Air Force gladly gives most credit to the Army, this is perhaps over-generous. India, with roughly five times greater air power, expected an easy air superiority, her total failure to attain it may be seen retrospectively as a vital, possibly the most vital factor of the whole conflict.

Yet the quality of the equipment, Nur* insists, is less important than flying ability and determination. The Indians had no sense of purpose. The Pakistanis were defending their own country and willingly taking greater risks. "The average bomber crews flew 15 to 20 sorties. My difficulty was restraining theme, not pushing them on."

This is more than nationalistic pride. Talk to the pilots themselves and you get that same intense story.

Peter Preston, Correspondent,
the 'Guardian', London,
September 24, 1965.

Doubts have often been cast on the Pakistan claims in the air war, which seem excessive. However, after meeting Air Marshal Nur Khan and his staff officers I accept their word unreservedly.

No Pakistan Air Force claims were confirmed unless filmed by camera gun or seen by an independent witness. Ground kills of aircraft or tank were confirmed only when filmed or flames were seen. The figures are, 40 aircraft destroyed in air combat, including Hunters and Gnats, 38 aircraft destroyed on the ground in daylight attacks on Indian bases (no claims are made for aircraft destroyed on the ground at night because of the difficulty of obtaining confirmation).

Special Correspondent,
The 'Times', London,
September 24, 1965.

Advance and retreat: A few miles to the north a battalion of Pakistani infantry faced its twelfth onslaught by Indian artillery, armour and infantry in six days. Indian British-made 25-pounders laid down a ten-minute barrage, then the tanks and infantry began a cautious advance. Once again their artillery and anti-tank guns saved the day for the Pakistanis, and the Indians were to retreat, leaving four of their tanks burning behind them....

*Air Marshal M. Nur Khan, C-in-C, PAF.

Both encounters were typical of the way that the smaller Pakistani forces have repeatedly stalled Indian thrusts. "The Indians have suffered such a bloody nose here in the past six days they don't know where to go now." said one staff officer at Pakistani divisional headquarters. From what I observed, the Indians have indeed found their head-on clashes with the Pakistani Army heavy going. In any case, they seem to be resorting more and more to air attacks on civilian centres...

Despite the bombings, the morale among the Pakistani Jawans (which is the Hindustani for GIs and literally means "strong young men") remains extremely high. Their coolness and toughness under fire have paid dividends.

Frank Melville,
'Newsweek',
September 27, 1965.

"India cannot stand alone against Pakistan, much less against Communist China."

This interesting disclosure was made in the 'New York Times' by the paper's United Nations correspondent, Drew Middleton.

Middleton said: "In the case of India there is little question in the minds of the officials that the U.S. will be able to maintain increasingly close relations. If nothing else, the conflict demonstrated that India was dependent upon the West for diplomatic military and economic support and could not stand alone against Pakistan much less against Communist China."

Report in the 'Morning News', Karachi,
September 29, 1965.

LONDON, Oct. 4: The 'Guardian' correspondent *Peter Preston* wrote today: "The people of Pakistan are a brave people," adding that comparisons between "fearless Pakistanis and half-hearted Indians carry more than propaganda weight."

Preston adds: "It isn't bravado, the Pakistani mood of unthinking, almost childish courage, sense of outrage and ancient enmities is a formidable mixture."

Reported in 'Morning News', Karachi,
October 5, 1965.

London. (By cable). Writing under the caption "Pakistan Counts the Cost", in the influential '*Statist*' of Oct. 1, its own correspondent *inter-alia* says: "During this war, India and Pakistan consumed military hardware worth more than the amount needed to build Aswan Dam. But the greater part of these losses—Army, Navy and Air Force—were on the Indian side, as a result of superior training of Pakistan's armed forces.

Reported in 'Dawn', Karachi,
October 6, 1965.

Never before flagrant disproportion of numbers between two parties was more evident than on first morning of peace when soldiers coming out of their trenches found themselves face to face. On Pakistan side some Jawans in light Khaki entrenched in two's and three's formed theoretical line. On Indian side far more numerous infantrymen in jungle green uniform were literally swarming. This numerical superiority was hardly felt despite the fact that I heard Pakistani Generals complaining after cease-fire that they lacked two more Divisions to throw into battle. Against twenty-one Indian Divisions they had only seven. Covering this inferiority Pakistanis gave proof of extra ordinary mobility and showed themselves capable of using economically their limited resources. . . .

Le Figaro, Paris,
October 21, 1965.

Epilogue

India is not on the path of peace.

By signing the Tashkent Declaration if she had resolved to settle her disputes with Pakistan and live in peaceful neighbourliness she is giving no indication of it.

Instead she is expanding her military might at a frightening pace. Why?

It was a bit surprising to hear from a western journalist who had recently been in Delhi that India was arming to meet the threat from Pakistan.

The surprise was not in what India said. The surprise was that many people around the world did not see anything funny in what India is saying.

India wants to keep a 5-1 supremacy over Pakistan in armed strength. Otherwise she feels she is not safe. It does not sound logical unless you can think in the tortuous way the Indian leaders think. They want that much superiority in military strength so that they have the freedom to attack Pakistan whenever they choose, and be reasonably safe against Pakistan's retaliatory action.

With no intention to aggress, Pakistan would be quite happy if she has one-third of India's might. With that strength she can keep India well away from her borders. Even four-times stronger India will not rob Pakistan of her sleep. Is that why India is so feverishly expanding her armies? To maintain her freedom of action!

Some quarters would not like to believe it but any cool appraisal of political and geographical realities can lead only to one conclusion: that India need fear no invasion from China. Chinese leaders are too shrewd and too cool-headed to commit a large force across the impassable Himalayas. And what do the Chinese find if at all they land on India?

It is inconceivable that India will be left to fight it out all alone.

India will soon have a formidable array of armed forces. She will have 23 divisions facing Pakistan and another seven divisions ostensibly facing China but which could be switched over to join the rest of her armies when the need arose.

In the air, India will soon have over 30 squadrons of fighter aircraft only, including 13 squadrons of supersonic machines with guided-missiles.

With some shipments already unloaded, India is receiving over 600 Russian and Czechoslovakian medium tanks including some 150 amphibious types, in addition to a comparable number of heavy artillery pieces. India is also adding a small fleet of Soviet-built submarines and expanding the strength of destroyers and frigates. Her defence industries are multiplying their capacities; new plants are cropping up like mushrooms, and in two to three years India will be self-sufficient in all her military requirements.

Why is India spending billions of dollars on building up these enormous forces and defence industries? Why does she continue imposing grinding hardships on her 500 million people who are now facing perenniel famine conditions? Her warlike spendings have brought over India the worst ever foreign exchange crisis resulting in the crashing of her rupee.

India must obviously be having some good reason of her own for military expansion of this magnitude!

From even a casual study of the Indian record, it would not be difficult to figure out what India's aim could be. India wants to achieve an overwhelming superiority (5 to 1) vis-a-vis Pakistan, and independent defence capability so that, at the opportune moment, she can impose Kashmir and other settlements on Pakistan and also intimidate her smaller neighbours into toeing the Indian line.

Let us have a look at what India was doing before 1959. This date is important because it was only in 1959 that India raised the Chinese bogey, or the "Chinese Threat" as she is fond of calling the phenomenon.

In the ten years prior to 1959, India had doubled her Army (450,000

. . . . Let me hammer the point. There would have been no devaluation and chaotic rise in prices this June if Mr. Shastri was not hustled into ordering the crossing of the cease-fire line in Kashmir and the international line. The newspaper headlines of August and September would now constitute an essay in liberal re-education. During those days, we were not fighting to capture Lahore; we were merely paving the way for our loss of political and economic independence. In deciding to give battle to Pakistan, Mr. Shastri did not have the alertness of mind which could have enabled him to weigh the longer-run consequences of his action. War is not a painless, costless process; it wastes the real resources of the nation. Somebody, somehow has to recoup that loss. Since the foreigners have refused to oblige, the ordinary people of this country have now to pay up through devaluation and inflation. The hero who led us up the Lahore path is no longer there, but none from his hegemony would be called upon to answer for the people's present distress either . . . .

—Calcutta Diary
by A. M., published in the Weekly NOW dated June 17, 1966.

men) and trebled her Air Force (25 Squadrons). The Indian Navy was also considerably strengthened. Why? There was no ''Chinese Threat'' at that time.

At the time of independence India inherited an Army of 200,000 men; an Air Force of 8 Squadrons and adequate Navy for her requirement. The Indian Armed Forces were larger than those of all the neighbouring countries except China which was then very friendly to India and, under Chiang Kai-Shek, a solidly pro-West country.

Pakistan inherited a much smaller force (one-fourth of Indian strength) which could not conceivably pose a threat to India. India was thus faced with no external threat. Yet, immediately after the independence India started expanding her armed forces. Why?

Very soon she was on the path of military adventurism. She invaded, in turn, Kashmir, Junagarh, Manavadar, Mongrol and Hyderabad, who, under the law, had the right to choose their own destiny.

After 1959, India further accelerated the expansion of her armed forces. Now she had a pretext—the newly discovered Chinese threat.

So her Army at once swelled from 450,000 to 600,000 men and the Air Force from 49,000 to 73,000 men.

Although wide publicity was given to the "Chinese threat" to justify the rapid expansion of the Indian armed forces, the deployment of these forces was completely unrelated to this threat. During the three years (1959-62) **India had added 150,000 men to her army and raised eight additional brigades, professedly to meet the Chinese threat, yet, at the time of the Sino-Indian clashes in October, 1962, India had deployed only three brigades out of her 45 brigades on the Sino-Indian border.**

The fact that five out of eight newly-raised brigades were added to the forces already facing Pakistan should leave no doubt about the real purpose of Indian military build-up.

Then came the Sino-Indian conflict in 1962 and Indian army's humiliating defeat which turned out rather lucky for India. Everyone rushed to her with arms and equipment, eager to believe India's story that her defeat was the result of her not having sufficient force and modern arms. If anyone had the occasion to reflect that India could not really be serious about fighting the Chinese if she had placed only three brigades in the disputed territory, he was not speaking.

It has to be conceded that India exploited the climate created by her defeat with great alacrity. Her monetary resources, both internal and external, were running rather low at the time—and ever since—yet she raised her defence spending from 600 million in 1961-62 to over 1,700 millions in 1963-64. America supplied her arms and equipment to convert six of her Infantry Divisions into Mountain Divisions. India quietly used the American equipment not to re-equip 6 Infantry Divisions into Mountain Divisions but for raising six additional divisions.

All the build-up was supposed to be required to meet the Chinese threat. Solemn words were given that the equipment will not be used against Pakistan. The aid-giving countries did not care to observe that some of the heavy guns and armour which India was inducting into her army could not possibly be used against China.

America was content to put a ceiling on India's military purchases from Soviet block countries. India could not be bound by such flimsy restraints. She obtained large quantities of arms from Russia and other European countries on deferred payment terms.

By the end of 1964 India had achieved her military goals and now she started flexing her muscles. Early in 1965 she forcibly occupied the Pakistani enclave of Dahagram in East Pakistan. In April 1965 India tried

The Indian army has yet to prove that it is good enough to cope with a confrontation on the Himalayas. There is also the problem of feud with Pakistan. Military aid to India not only drives Pakistanis into closer arrangements with Chinese, it also presents a temptation to the Indians, which, on past form, they may not be self-disciplined enough to resist. To build up India as a bulwark against China is also to build it up as a power eager for a return match with an aggrieved neighbour. For sometime to come any security system based on Japan and India will find the former a truncated pillar and the latter a wobbly one liable to alarming lurches in the wrong direction.

—*ECONOMIST*—*Aug* 13, 1965.

to seize the disputed territory of the Rann of Kutch by military action. Getting a drubbing there, the Indian leaders threatened to avenge their defeat on "ground of our own choosing". Indian forces were moved immediately and poised threateningly against Pakistan. Then came a series of aggressions in Azad Kashmir (Kargil, Tithwal, Haji Pir Pass), shelling of a Pakistani village, Awan Sharif, in the former Panjab, and preparation of a bigger offensive in Bhimber, Pakistan's action in Chhamb to forestall this offensive—and there we had the Indian army invading Pakistan without any declaration of war.

India then had 21 Divisions plus a number of Independent/Para Brigades. Pakistan had warned the world that India was going to use her military might against Pakistan. No one heeded. "Pakistan's approach was partisan". "It was based on prejudice against India". May be it was. May be it was just hard deduction from hard facts. The world knows now what it was.

India now has 30 Divisions plus a number of Independent and Para Brigades. Her Air Force has been doubled in strength since 1959. Her Navy is expanding in all dimensions. Her munition factories are multiplying. Pakistan is again warning the world. Pakistan again wants the world powers to know that India's arm build-up is primarily against Pakistan. India cannot tow her heavy guns across the Himalayas—she is buying them in hundreds. India cannot use her array of amphibian tanks in Tibet or Aksai Chin. Pakistan will of course know how to deal with anything that India can bring against her. But can the world powers afford to see another flare up in this sensitive area?

Ferozsons, Karachi.



A shattered Indian vehicle by the side of a burnt out tree symbolizes the unhappy ending of India's dream to conquer Pakistan.

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